MAKES LESS
MEAN MORE
H·P SAUCE

The People

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1941
London Edition
No. 3114 60th Year OVER 3,000,000 CERTIFIED SALE [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] 2D.

This delicious
CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
BROOKLAX
Regd. Brand
BANISHES
CONSTIPATION
OVERNIGHT
2½d. 7d. 1/3 Sold only by Chemists

"Our Line Holds," Says Soviet, Denying Vague Nazi Claims Of Victorious Progress

FIERCE DRIVE TOWARDS MOSCOW BROKEN

AS THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA RAGED YESTERDAY OVER HUNDREDS OF MILES OF FRONT, CONFLICTING CLAIMS BY THE SOVIET AND NAZI HIGH COMMANDS MADE IT DIFFICULT TO GAIN A CLEAR IMPRESSION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FIGHTING.

The German communique said that their forces had reached the river Dnieper east of Minsk, in their drive towards Moscow, but the Soviet communique declared that Nazi efforts to cross the Beresina and Druts rivers in the attempted drive to the Russian capital had been broken up with heavy losses to the enemy.

Heavy battles throughout Friday night and yesterday morning ended in the German advance eastward being held, said the Soviet, although it was admitted that the Germans had crossed the River Pruth, in Bessarabia.

The ferocious nature of the fighting is reflected in the Russian claim to have killed and wounded at least 700,000 Germans since the Nazi invasion began.

This claim is strengthened by the fact that the German propadanga machine is busy preparing the nation for the news of heavy losses, and the prediction by Nazi experts yesterday that there would be hard fighting before the Stalin line was overcome.

Russian resistance was described in the German Press as being due to "the extent and modernity of Soviet equipment, the unshakeable obstinacy of the Soviet defence, and the difficulties of the terrain." This reference was to the advance across the Pruth.

Despite admissions of stiff fighting, the German High Command, in a vague and evasive communiqué yesterday, claimed that in the East operations were proceeding according to plan.

NAZI FAILURE

The Soviet communiqué said:

"Fighting on the front throughout last (Friday) night has not brought any substantial changes in position or the grouping of our troops.

In the direction of Murmansk, Kandalaksha and on the Karelian Isthmus, fighting continues with separate enemy groups.

In the Borisov and Bobruisk sectors (in White Russia, where the Germans are trying to push to Smolensk), fighting continued throughout the night on the rivers Beresina and the Druts.

Repeated enemy attempts to cross these rivers were repulsed by our fire with heavy loss to the enemy, both on water and on the shores of the rivers.

"As the result of the enemy's failure to advance in the Tarnopol area (east of Lwow and 25 miles from the Russian border) the enemy has diverted his thrust to the Novgorod Volynsk sector south of the Pripet marshes and north-west of Kiev). Our troops were engaged in battles all night, successfully stemming the advance to the east.

"On the Bessarabian front the enemy, after bringing up large forces of motorised units supported by tanks, has crossed the river Pruth in several places and is attempting to develop an offensive there, but our troops are holding up the enemy advance.

"Our air force has dealt heavy blows at enemy motorised troops and enemy aerodromes. Forty-three enemy planes were shot down by our fighters yesterday (Friday). Twenty-seven Russian planes were lost."

AIR TORPEDOES IN CYPRUS RAID

Cyprus Saturday.

Air torpedoes were dropped at Famagusta, on the eastern end of Cyprus, during a third raid by enemy planes last night.

Some damage was done, but there were no casualties.

Nicosia, capital of Cyprus, was also raided by one machine. Two bombs failed to explode, and there were no casualties.—B.U.P.

ENCIRCLED TROOPS RALLYING

Soviet Attempts Break-Through

THE NAZIS ADMITTED YESTERDAY THAT SOVIET TROOPS SURROUNDED IN THE MINSK AREA ARE RALLYING AT SOME POINTS WITH A VIEW TO ATTEMPTING A BREAK-THROUGH.

"One attempt, supported by tanks, was made in Galicia on July 3; but it was frustrated by the German troops," the German Official News Agency said.

Describing an attack on a sector of the Russian fortifications, a German war correspondent, writing in the "Muenchen Neuste Nachrichten," says:

"The refined skill of the Russians shown by the lay-out, construction and exploitation of every possibility of the terrain, puts into the shade even the fortification system of the Maginot Line.

"Two-thirds of the fortifications were stormed after an hour-long and very costly fighting," the correspondent said. "The remaining and bigger forts were defended with an obstinacy bordering on fatalism.

"After very heavy artillery shattered the iron door of one fort, a man, speaking in Russian, summoned the Soviet troops to surrender. A hand-grenade flew from the door. That was the Russian answer.

Storm troops threw hand-grenades through the door into the fort. Amid rising smoke cries of pain rang out. But the Russians did not surrender; none came out.

"It is absolute madness which inspires them to continue resistance."—Reuter.

Russians Say—

"GERMANS ARE LYING"

"THE lying German propaganda spreads fantastic and lying tales about the number of prisoners which the Germans are supposed to have captured," said yesterday's early Russian communiqué.

"No less fantastic are the figures which the Germans give of the Soviet losses in tanks and aircraft.

700,000 HUN CASUALTIES

"In the end, the lying German propaganda Army communique of July 4 giving the number of Soviet aircraft brought down on June 22 was, in fact, 20 to 25 per cent. higher than given originally in the earlier report of the German Command.

"One has only to add now that the German propaganda does not reveal the real situation to the German people—that the best divisions of the German Fascist troops were crushed by the Red Army in the course of an heroic resistance and that the number of the German killed and wounded reaches at least 700,000, and that the territory seized by the Germans is covered by hundreds of thousands of German corpses who found their grave on the battlefield."—Reuter.

WANTS REAL PACT WITH SOVIET

Full support for the Government in its fight side by side with the Soviet against Hitlerism and Fascism was pledged by the People's Convention when it reassembled in London yesterday.

Mr. D. N. Pritt, M.P., said he hoped there would be a real pact and alliance with the Soviet.

Lone Soviet Naval Base Is Holding Up Germans

HANGO, the Soviet naval base isolated in the southern tip of Finland, is resisting attack with a determination recalling the defence of Sebastopol in 1855 during the Crimean War.

Hango was leased to Soviet Russia as part of the peace treaty concluded with Finland last year.

The Soviet Baltic Fleet is playing a big part in defending Hango as well as the Soviet mainland further east, where the Germans have made several attempts to land troops.

According to a special Soviet correspondent in the Baltic, four German submarines were sunk in the first week of the conflict, says Reuter.

At many points along the coast Soviet sailors have engaged landing parties in fierce hand-to-hand fighting.

One body of sailors encircled in a coastal sector fought their way out of the ring in parade uniform, reaching the Soviet lines with all their equipment after being in action a whole week.

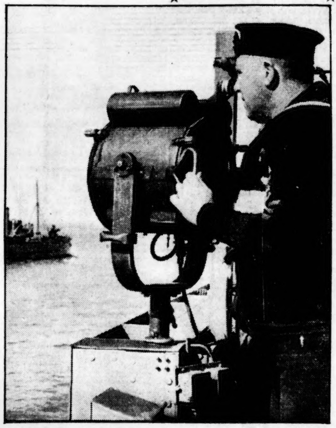
German naval tactics in the Baltic consist chiefly of sudden sorties with E-boats, mine-laying and covering activities for the landing parties.

The Soviet fleet is replying with energetic counter-attacks, in which motor torpedo boats are being effectively used.

One of these craft survived an attack by 40 Nazi warplanes in three waves. Three planes were shot down.

The Soviet crew, repairing under fire damage done by a near miss, reached port safely.

Signal of Success



A signaller aboard a destroyer escorting a convoy to harbour signals to another warship that the trip has been made without the loss of a single life.

More Towns Captured in Syria

ALLIES CLOSE IN ON BEIRUT

Jerusalem, Saturday.

ALLIED TROOPS ARE CLOSING IN ON BEIRUT, VICHY'S KEY PORT ON THE LEBANESE COAST WEST OF DAMASCUS. PATROLS ADVANCING UP THE COAST HAVE CROSSED THE RIVER DAMOUR, SOME TEN MILES SOUTH OF BEIRUT, WHERE THE VICHY FORCES HAVE BEEN RESISTING STUBBORNLY FOR MORE THAN TWO WEEKS.

A few miles inland another column has captured Rharife, seven miles north-west of Jezzine and some 13 miles from Beirut.

Following the capture, announced earlier today, of the town of Heret, seven miles north of Jezzine, the right flank of the allied coastal army has now been considerably strengthened.

South-East of Jezzine the Allies have shelled the Vichy troops out of Hasbaya, where, it is believed, the main body had taken up positions.

The Vichy forces continue to hold a number of points in the vicinity of the town.

Another Allied success is reported from Central Syria, where a column advancing 33 miles from Palmyra has occupied without opposition, Post No. T.4 on the Mosul oil pipeline to Tripoli.

This is about one-third of the distance to Homs, railway junction for Aleppo and Tripoli.

The Allies' position is now "generally satisfactory," a spokesman at General Sir Maitland Wilson's headquarters here said today.—Reuter.

ROOSEVELT BACK AT WHITE HOUSE: DEFENCE TALKS

Washington, Saturday.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returned to the White House today.

He immediately conferred with his high defence and foreign policy advisers, including Mr. Sumner Welles, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, Secretary for War, Mr. James Forrestal, Under-Secretary of the Navy, General George C. Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, and Rear-Admiral Royal Ingersoll, Assistant Chief of Naval operations.

Before the conference, the President issued a proclamation adding certain chemicals and vegetable products to the long list of articles now under export licence control.

HALIFAX IS COMING HOME

Washington, Saturday.

LORD HALIFAX, the British Ambassador, will return to England within the next few weeks to report to Mr. Churchill on his mission here, it is reported in Washington today.

He will probably travel by air.

He will be accompanied by Mr. Charles Peake, former chief of the Press section of the Foreign Office.

Washington is already full of speculation as to whether Lord Halifax will return to the U.S. or remain at home in the War Cabinet, of which he has retained membership.—Reuter.

DARED DEATH TO JOIN FRONT LINE

U.S. Nurses Were U-Boat's Victims

By A. W. HELLIWELL

FOUR U.S. GIRLS, IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES, WHO FACED DEATH IN THE ATLANTIC SO THAT THEY COULD COME TO BRITAIN AS "FRONT LINE" NURSES, TOLD ME IN LONDON YESTERDAY THE STORY OF THEIR DRAMATIC ESCAPE.

With 13 other nurses of the American Red Cross Harvard Field Hospital unit, they were on their way here to care for British and Allied wounded when their ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic several days ago.

Fifteen of the nurses are known to be safe. But there is no news of the other two.

America should be proud of these four girls.

They might have been hardened veterans of half a dozen adventures instead of straight from the quiet of typical American homes, so calmly did they discuss their ordeal.

HOUR IN WATER

There was, for instance, tall, hazel-eyed twenty-three-year-old Lilian Evans, from Cambridge, Mass.

She was in the water more than an hour after her lifeboat capsized.

"I hadn't time to be frightened," she said. "There was too much to think about. My party was in the last lifeboat to leave the ship, and she was so badly damaged that she began to fill with water as soon as she was launched.

"Eventually the boat capsized and we were all thrown into the sea. Some of us started swimming towards another ship while the rest clung to the overturned boat.

"I grabbed one of the lines the crew threw to us, but I had not the strength to pull myself out of the water. Nor had either of the other two girls who swam with me.

"We could do nothing but flounder about and stare up helplessly at the upper deck.

"Then we heard some of the crew shouting to us, the propellors started up and she began to move away.

WASHED OVERBOARD

"That was a pretty nasty moment. We thought they were leaving us to drown, but it was not until later that we discovered that the ship was drifting into our wreck and had to get under way to avoid a collision.

"We managed to swim back to the lifeboat and hang on there until a boat came and picked us up."

Lavenia Fulton, of Amhurst, Mass., who was in the same lifeboat as Miss Evans, was knocked into the water by a wave that washed right over the boat.

"An officer told me to hang on," she said. "I gripped the edge of the boat and we drifted about for more than an hour before we were rescued.

"I wasn't really scared, but I did wonder whether I ever should see America again."

UNKNOWN HERO

Miss Fulton paid tribute to the bravery of an unknown Englishman—a young business man travelling back from America—who, she said, behaved like a hero.

"He swam all the way to the ship with one of our girls," she said, "and then brought her all the way back when they found they could not get on board.

"He was marvellous and kept up our spirits until the boat from the ship arrived."

More Day Raids on France

WAR FACTORY HIT AT LILLE

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

STEADILY, PERSISTENTLY, THE RAF ARE SMASHING THE NAZI WAR MACHINE IN NORTHERN FRANCE. YESTERDAY'S MAIN TARGET IN THE DAYLIGHT SWEEPS WAS AN IMPORTANT STEEL AND ENGINEERING WORKS AT LILLE.

Heavy bombers went over with a strong fighter escort and scored direct hits on the war factory.

In another sweep a railway yard at Abbeville, which had been bombed during Friday night, was again hit in daylight.

Since the great RAF offensive began in the middle of last month the destination of the bombs has revealed our plans:

(1) To smash war factories and the power stations that feed them.

(2) To push back the Luftwaffe from their advanced bases near the coast.

(3) To smash railway and sea communications and thus disorganise still further the Nazi supply system.

Our planes, over the occupied coasts, are watching every day for German ships sneaking along in an attempt to relieve the over-worked railways.

Yesterday, Coastal Command aircraft spotted a 4,000-tonner off the Belgian coast and got direct hits on it. Another of some 6,000 tons was also bombed.

In the course of these operations escort fighters destroyed two enemy fighters.

Our losses were three fighters, but the pilot of one is safe.

No aircraft of Bomber or Coastal Command was lost.

Comparatively little air opposition, states Air Ministry news service, was encountered in our three daylight attacks yesterday afternoon.

Pilot's 72 Hours In Sea!

SEVENTY-TWO hours after landing his damaged Spitfire in the Channel, a Polish Sergeant Pilot was picked up by a rescue boat yesterday alive and uninjured, states the Air Ministry News Service.

He had kept afloat for three days on a one-man rubber dinghy which fighter pilots now carry in their parachute packs.

His rescue was due to a series of coincidences. The boat which picked him up was looking for another Polish Sergent-Pilot who baled out from his machine yesterday.

This second pilot had himself seen his compatriot go down on Wednesday when they were returning from a sweep together.

Three days later, while returning from another offensive operation, his own misfortune proved to be the salvation of his fellow countryman.

He himself was picked up by one of the searching launches, and the two met in hospital yesterday afternoon.

Night-Fighter Airmen From The Empire

A LARGE group of "cat-eyed" Canadian, Australian and New Zealand airmen, trained in Canada under the Empire air training plan, have arrived to join Britain's night fighters.

With this latest contingent of Empire airmen, the biggest that has yet arrived from Canada, were Americans who have come to join the Eagle Squadron.

ALL EAGER

Many of the pilots have shown in their training a particular aptitude for night fighting and are waiting to be posted to night-fighter units. It is believed that they will be the first men of the Empire air training plan to take on this job.

Those not picked for night fighting are just as eager to get into action. "Give us any kind of fighter, especially a Spitfire, and you won't see the lads for vapour trails," said one sergeant pilot.

"These day and night raids across the Channel have pepped us up plenty," said another. "We hope to get into some of them soon."

"Give me the back turret of a big bomber," said a French-Canadian air-gunner. "It may seem a long way from nowhere, but it's good perch for shooting at the Boche."

"Also I ask to be given a load of those big beautiful bombs from the back-room boys," said another. "I'll see that they're delivered to the right address."

CASH CROSSWORDS: PAGE SEVEN
RADIO: BACK PAGE

DISPENSING

Take your prescriptions to
The Boots Chemists
for accurate dispensing with drugs of tested quality

MORE THAN 7,500,000 PRESCRIPTIONS DISPENSED LAST YEAR

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD. 8538-750

To Renew a Neckband

Sometimes a neckband is too small or has torn at the studholes. So make a new one from some matching material or a piece of the tail, using the old neckband, unpicked from the shirt, as a pattern. Then place the centre of the band on the centre of the neck edge and stitch into position—first on the right side and then on the wrong.

To Turn a Cuff

Detach the cuff from the sleeve of the shirt by unpicking it. Reverse the cuff and attach the centre to the centre of the sleeve edge. Use a running stitch, easing in the sleeve material towards the wrist opening. Turn under raw edge of cuff and hem into position on the wrong side of the sleeve.

Patching a Tear

Cut a piece of matching material from the tail large enough to cover the tear and turn in a narrow hem. Place this on the wrong side of the garment, carefully matching the pattern of the shirt or, if it is a plain colour, matching the way the threads run. Then hem with the tiniest possible stitches into position.

Turn on to right side and neaten edges of tear. Turn them under and stitch them neatly.

Don't Boil Shirts

It has been proved quite unnecessary to boil shirts—in fact, this sort of washing shortens their wearing life. They come beautifully clean with a 15 to 20-minute soak in Rinso. You don't have to rub them—just wash them through. Shirts washed this gentle way last at least 4 months longer.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 3092-8-6 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

MEN WHO COME BACK

Once reported missing, many men yet return to tell the dramas of THEIR GREAT ESCAPES

YOU'RE a spy—an English spy!" The man who spat these words at an English fighter pilot was a squat, rat-eyed little fellow—the nastiest type of Nazi officer, usually found behind the lines in the kind of job which, while safe for him, enables him to be utterly brutal to others.

It was so now.

Round the walls of the room at least forty miserable Belgian civilians stood—men who, until a few hours before, had been wearily trudging along endless roads, trying to escape with their families from the hordes of Nazi grey-coats.

In the courtyard outside several hundred more of them were waiting their turn to be questioned. And every half-hour or so a little procession moved from the interrogation house across the courtyard.

The officer in charge of the firing-party leading—then a dozen Belgian peasants—each side, the swaggering Hun guards always quick to prod or poke any worn-out, stumbling falterers.

PEASANT victims of the war in the hands of the Nazi enemy.

Forced Landing

On through a narrow alleyway these processions went, to a small yard. That had a convenient wall —one which was well pocked by bullet-marks. The condemned were shoved against it, blindfolded, shot.

"Yes, you're a spy all right. Your turn will come soon!"

There was sadistic joy in the Hun's evil face as he repeated the words. After all, it gets pretty monotonous sending Belgian peasants to be shot hour after hour.

Besides, the R.A.F. had been clawing Nazi planes from the skies in scores. Why, with one of their pilots delivered up to him, waste a sound round on a peasant? Why, indeed!

The tall young pilot began to tell his story. He was no spy, he said; why, he was still wearing R.A.F. uniform. He related how he had been engaged in a fierce combat with a Me. 109—how the two had circled, it seemed endlessly, each collecting showers of lead, until, at long last, both had to give up the fight.

Then, with no prospect of making his own aerodrome, the Briton had sought out the most inviting-looking field within sight, landed with a bit of a bump, and been promptly seized by some German soldiers.

"You have only to glance at this uniform which I have the honour to wear. It shows that I am a British officer. I claim to be treated as a prisoner of war," he concluded.

The interrogation officer heard it all with a weary, resigned look. Then: "Stand over there and await your turn!" he ordered.

"Over there" was near to a window which overlooked the courtyard, and through it the young pilot could see the German soldiery standing guard over their hundreds of captives, all of them civilians, while others were being marched into the square.

With Refugees

But just then the firing-party commander returned. A dozen more peasants were ordered out. Some of them started to beg for mercy; others struggled. In the momentary confusion which resulted the pilot got his chance to make a desperate getaway.

Like a flash he went headlong through the closed window, landing on the ground with blood running down his face from splintered glass.

Amazing though it was, he was able to dash round a corner of the outer wall and get clear of the village without a single shot being fired at him! It was grand to escape death for the second time in a single morning—but what now?

Practising a new kind of "hedge-hopping" for hours on end, he fell in that afternoon with a throng of refugees, who were swarming along a road leading to the French frontier. A Dutchman driving a car, nearly knocked him down.

The man looked closer, noted the uniform and promptly rearranged his luggage so as to make room inside for the fugitive. Soon they crossed the French border and reached Lille. That was how, after being "missing" for three days, a fighter pilot eventually rejoined his squadron.

* * *

They say, in the R.A.F. that a percentage of "dead" men are bound to turn up in time. Men who have been missing for days—weeks even. Men whose comrades are ready to swear they saw diving to their doom in planes which were well ablaze.

One pilot had a miraculous escape from death when his machine crashed inside the German lines. He was taken prisoner, but contrived to get away from his guards while there was some bother with a British bombing formation which not only dropped bombs near by, but machine-gunned the Huns for a lively half-minute. Having eluded his captors this pilot wandered about inside the German lines for *thirteen days.*

How he did it he hardly knows himself; but when the Dunkirk evacuation was at its height he turned up there. The French got hold of him and held him as a spy for several days.

His explanations sounded too good to be true, for pilots just don't walk about among the enemy for thirteen days, then pass safely from one side to the other! No, it would not do. But to make quite certain that they were not shooting a man who was a genuine R.A.F. officer, the French passed him over to the British for attention.

Were his troubles ended? By no means! He was duly evacuated from Dunkirk, but under guard. It wasn't until he actually reached London that his identity was briefly and conclusively established.

Badly Shaken

But far sheer incredible luck combined with heroism, one of the strangest escape stories is that of the bomber crew who had been bombing a crossroads in Belgium, to be hit by ack ack gun-fire from the ground and had to make a forced landing. It was a heavy bomber with a crew of seven.

They knew well enough that they had been hit, but the pilot set course for home, hoping for the best. He hadn't got far before he realised that the tanks had been holed. There was only enough petrol to keep them in the air for fifty minutes at the outside. Bad!

At that time the Huns had not reached Ostend, so the pilot decided to make for the airfield there. When dawn broke the big bomber was flying over the town, petrol almost gone, crew thoroughly fed up with their ill luck.

But their troubles had hardly begun! When the speed indicator had been shot away, which meant that there was nothing to show the pilot the direction of the wind for landing.

Infinitely worse, though, was what they saw on the airfield. It was crossed by neat ditches, such as we see in Britain now—ditches to trip Belgian or German aircraft from landing there!

Still, there was nothing for it. Pitches or no pitches, they can't fly a big night bomber without petrol. The crew covered their heads, muttered their prayers, awaited the crash. It came all right! Over went the giant plane on its nose; the front gun-turret was smashed, but luckily this had been "evacuated" in anticipation of some such mishap.

Every man in the crew was badly shaken; but there were no broken bones, so they counted themselves fortunate. The obvious thing to do was to report to the Belgian Air Headquarters, so off they went, having first set fire to their plane and dismantled guns and instruments.

About to Sail

No sooner had they started off, however, than the Luftwaffe began a terrific raid. The heavy bomber crew had to lie in one of the ditches sampling heavy bombing for themselves! Four bombs dropped on the airfield.

Still the men were safe, and they soon learned that a ship was leaving for England later that morning. Fine! They hurried down to the harbour and saw the captain. Actually, he said, the ship would leave at midnight. Anyway, they would be "O.K." for the voyage.

During that afternoon the Huns made another heavy bombing raid. They seemed determined that one British bomber crew, at any rate, should get no sleep! Then the captain decided that his ship could not sail that night! So the men went and slept in some wagons just outside Ostend.

At four in the morning the Huns were at it again. Bombs rained down for several hours. Soon after nine the crew made once more for the ship, and more Hun planes kept making for Ostend all the time!

To make matters worse the air-gunner was arrested by Belgian troops as a German parachutist, and they held him for hours.

The weary airmen dragged their way to a wood just outside Ostend, where they thought they might get a little sleep in spite of the incessant bombing. But, no sooner had they got down to it than the wood became the Huns' target. Showers of fire-bombs fell all round, trees blazed, and petrol lorries hidden under them were soon well alight.

The worn-out men then decided to find out whether the wagons they'd slept in the night before were still all right. On their way to the farmyard they met the ship's captain, who brought the glad news that the ship was about to sail.

She did sail—at ten that night. Seven tired airmen stretched out on her deck ready for the most welcome spot of sleep they'd ever enjoyed. But hardly had they done so than a German plane flew overhead. It circled the ship several times as though about to bomb its crowded decks, which were full of refugees. But that was not the idea; all it did was drop a fire. The captain didn't like that at all. "That's a signal," he said, "to a submarine; you mark my words!"

He was right. It wasn't long before the underwater pest attacked, but as the deadly tin fish streaked through the water, a sharp change of course saved the ship by a few feet. Then came another torpedo—wide again. Then two more, fired together. One missed. The other nearly cut that ship in two.

There was nothing for it but to dive into the sea. The British air crew were fortunate in that they had taken their flying clothes off and so were not hopelessly encumbered by them.

For half an hour they swam. Then they came across the ship's wireless cabin which was floating on the water. They climbed on to it, and were surprised to find two other men already there—a fighter pilot who had been shot down after bagging six Huns, and a British soldier.

They began to breathe a little more freely—but not for long. No improvement in their condition lasted for long! The U-boat appeared again and started machine-gunning men and women who were struggling in the water.

They used tracer bullets, and for three-quarters of an hour they sent their deadly, scorching streams this way and that, wherever they saw anything human.

The British airmen and the soldier lay flat on the wireless cabin, and apparently the Huns of the Sea did not spot them. That was not in their direction. The fighter pilot had been wounded in his last combat, and he was in terrible agony all the time but no sound of complaint passed his lips.

For five hours they drifted. Then, to their astonishment, the ship's second mate scrambled on to the cabin; he'd been floating on a piece of wreckage, and, with the aid of an oar, had managed to reach the cabin. It wasn't long before that oar was being used as a mast, with the soldier's grey coat as a signal to attract attention.

To the Rescue!

At long last three British Coastal Command planes passed overhead. They saw. It wasn't long then before destroyers appeared in response to the radio-call from the planes. It was seven in the morning when the eight airmen and one soldier were picked up by the naval craft.

That is the kind of thing that sometimes happens when "one of our bombers failed to return" or "the crew of one aircraft are missing, presumed killed." There is usually more in it than meets the eye in the cold announcement. Often so much more!

(*World copyright, 1941, by the Author's Advisory Service, Ltd., London. No reproduction in part or whole.*)

WAR WORK

is *your* opportunity to be in the big attack. Every day the new arms factories want more and more workers—particularly women.

WAR WORK

is the one thing Hitler fears. He knows it must beat him sooner or later.

WAR WORK

is quickly learnt. There are Training Centres all over the country and you are paid while you learn.

WAR WORK

is waiting for YOU. Just go to your local Employment Exchange and they will make all arrangements. Any Post Office will tell you the address.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

DON'T lose heart about tobacco prices. Put some Erinmore in your pipe at 1/3½ the ounce. It's a superb tobacco, is Erinmore, cool and comforting, with a flavour and aroma all its own.

And its price isn't the only economical thing about Erinmore. This good tobacco tells his story. He was no spy, he said; why, he was still wearing R.A.F. uniform. He related how he had been engaged in a fierce combat with a Me. 109—how the two had circled, it seemed endlessly, each collecting showers of lead, until, at long last, both had to give up the fight.

ERINMORE
TOBACCO
Mixture, Flake, Flake Ready Rubbed, 1/3½ an oz.
Murray, Sons and Company Limited, Belfast

Fortify your Kidneys!

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up

BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

Ask for DOANS, *1/3, 3/5, 5/8.* (Incl. tax)

FILM STARS PREFER
"Soap and Water"

WENDY HILLER says: "*I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It removes every trace of dirt and dust from the pores — leaves my skin so fresh and radiant. But on birthdays how I do tremble for me!*"

NOW that beauty creams are getting so hard to buy, we can count ourselves lucky that we can still have the beauty treatment that keeps film star complexions so lovely.

This beauty treatment is Lux Toilet Soap. 9 out of 10 stars use this famous soap because its *active* lather sinks deep into the pores—gently loosens and floats out every trace of dust, stale make-up and city grime. It is this active lather that keeps film star complexions so gloriously smooth and clear.

Never mind if you can't get beauty creams. Lux Toilet Soap will give you a lovely complexion!

4d. A TABLET (*Including Purchase Tax*)
A LEVER PRODUCT TL 1215-9-55

RUSSIA HAS GIVEN THE NAZIS A BIG SURPRISE. THERE ARE BEING WAGED, OVER A 1,500-MILE FRONT, WELLSIAN BATTLES IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF TANKS FIGHT ON EACH SIDE, AND THE WILDEST FANTASIES OF "THINGS TO COME" ARE LIVING VIOLENCE, DAY AFTER DAY.

The end of it no man can see. But this fact emerges from the battle smoke—that for the first time, the Panzer divisions on which Hitler has, from the start of the war, relied for sudden victories, have at last been checked.

In Flanders they broke through with a paralysing suddenness. French troops surrendered to them, almost without resistance.

They broke through Jugoslavia and, forcing their way through the mountains to Athens, compelled the surrender of Greece.

Then Hitler turned their full fury on the Eastern frontier, attacking an ally without warning. Once again, he gambled on a sudden collapse of an army which he despised.

What he did not count on was that the Russian proletariat was as much imbued with faith in Communism as were his own dupes in a Nazi-ism which, for eight years, had been their glory and their pride.

The countless millions in Russia have been taught, for a quarter of a century, that they enjoy liberties and privileges denied to the rest of the world. This is their cardinal faith. It may be wrong. But they will die for it.

Here was no nervous hesitancy which had prevented Holland and Belgium from becoming our allies in time. Neither was there, in Russia, any of the corruption and treachery which paralysed the power of French armies that, otherwise, would have fought to the end.

RUSSIA USES A NEW STRATEGY

RUSSIAN generalship let through Nazi tanks where overwhelming forces compelled it; but there was no headlong collapse. There was no panic.

The Russians held on, day after day, at the points between, so that soon there was going on over a depth of 200 miles a mixed-up battle in which only the end of it could decide whether the German tanks had really broken through or whether they were to be cut off from their supplies far back.

Then Stalin spoke on the air ordering the destruction, as his forces retreated, of all the grain and all the stores. Over a century before, the Russians had treated Napoleon that same, burning village after village, as they fell back. So Napoleon had to face a dreaded Russian winter without supplies.

Hitler, in reply to Stalin, said that if food were burned, the Russian peasantry would be left to starve.

So now it is a war, not only of Tanks versus Tanks, but Will versus Will.

If the Russians can hold out until the winter comes—and the further they fall back the worse it may be for the German armies in the end—then Napoleon's fate may become Hitler's.

OUR "EXPERTS" ARE CONFOUNDED

THERE is no need for over-much pessimism as to the result. Our so-called "experts" expected, only a fortnight ago, that the Russians would immediately collapse. Some said they would do so in two weeks; others gave them six, at the most.

They did not foresee a mixed-up battle, one in which, at the worst, Hitler would lose hundreds and hundreds of tanks and perhaps thousands of planes, and in which, anyway, his troops would realise for the first time that they were not all-invincible.

Stalin called on the civilians, both men and women, to harry and harass. He did not call in vain. There is, in the Russian character, a ferocity born of old Tartar conquests.

Behind the German spear-head thrusts, and in between them, there went on work of sabotage and destruction not equalled for centuries. Women joined their menfolk in worrying the advancing foe. They cut into their flanks like devils.

Not only neutral observers sent from Sweden and Switzerland paid tribute to the courage of the Russian hosts. Grudging praise was published in German newspapers forced to find an excuse for the Nazi losses in men and materials.

Will Hitler, even if he wins, get the oil he needs to replenish the vast stocks he is now diminishing? Will he get the wheat he needs for the winter?

"Burn," Stalin has ordered. "Destroy. Leave nothing behind."

The battles still waging are by far the fiercest of the whole war. In size, they far transcend the previous fights of the last two years, all put together.

They will go on, perhaps for weeks. Nazidom and Communism, fighting like monsters of the pre-Man ages, are at death-grips. One must perish.

CABINET CHANGES— BUT NO PLAN

WELL, now we must deplore, more than ever, that absence of a Plan which, had it been adopted a year ago, would now probably have put us in a position where, while the Russians were holding up Hitler in the East, we could attack him in the West, from the air, on land, and from the sea.

That Plan might have saved us months.

Yet—only a week ago—there was a sudden drive for tanks. Beaverbrook, after having finished his job at making planes, had for some weeks been a mysterious Minister of State, an office new in our country.

Then put into the Ministry of Supply, he embarked on a great tanks drive.

Once they had Spitfire Funds. Now they've started Tank Funds!

What has the raising of funds for war necessaries to do with a Plan? If money comes from overseas so that we can buy arms with it, it is very welcome. But, as for the money raised at home, surely any needed for aeroplanes and tanks should come out of the taxes, and as part of a Plan.

Flag days won't win the war. Beaverbrook a Drive may help it, but not pleading for money.

The whole nation's activities must be given to a common purpose — and immediately. We must not rely on American help. We must rely on ourselves.

By Capt. A. O. POLLARD V.C., M.C., D.C.M.

Then, suddenly, we have been told that we are snookered on coal or "we may shiver next winter."

We learned in 1917 that we could not win the last war without coal.

"In war, coal is a terrible enemy and a most potent friend," then said Lloyd George, pleading to the miners to intensify their efforts.

Since then miners' wages have been allowed to fall to as little as just over £2 a week. And now suddenly we, all, we realise that without the miners we cannot win the war.

Why have eighteen months been wasted over coal production?

SURELY, NOW, WE CAN STRIKE!

ARE we, despite the delays, in a position to invade the Continent? We should be! If we are not, Someone is to blame.

True, our magnificent airmen are making constant raids, by night and by day. If they go on, Goering will soon have to withdraw some of his Luftwaffe from the Russian side to protect the blitzed towns of Germany and France.

But what Russia's magnificent effort is entitled to is more than that. Neither religious hatred nor political bigotry can now stand in the way of our gambling our all on assaults by land and sea, as well as from the air.

The talk of "those terrible Bolsheviks," still heard among the stupid diehards, must stop! Russia is an ally in all except the language of effete officialdom. She must now prove—if we seize the chance—more than that. She may be the means of our salvation. Her brave resistance is a gift from the gods.

Yet, only last Friday, Lord Croft, the Under-Secretary for War, was still talking about how our Army "must be trained to *meet the enemy, whether in tanks as by sea or in the air.*"

Surely it should be the time when, for our own sake and not alone for Russia's, we should stop this idea of fighting a defensive war! That sort of mentality will not win. We must be aggressive. We must start the offensiveness ourselves!

And any who are timorous should be replaced—immediately. This isn't an Eton and Harrow cricket match!

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

'Unable to dress or undress'

PAINFUL CASE OF 11 YEARS RHEUMATISM CLEARED UP BY FYNNON SALT!

Let this appalling case help you to complete recovery.

"I started taking Fynnon Salt, having suffered badly from various forms of rheumatism. I have worked in pain for over 11 years and for long periods have been unable to dress or undress myself. I had not much hope that Fynnon would be very effective in such a long-standing case as mine. But it has been effective—immeasurably beyond my hopes. I am strong and active."

From W. G., Hampstead, N.W.3.

WASH AWAY RHEUMATIC ACIDS WITH FYNNON SALT

If you have rheumatic and trouble: sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, fibrositis, muscular or joint rheumatism — don't go another day without trying Fynnon. Wash away your rheumatic acids with the salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium contained in Fynnon Salt . . . and so get rid of your rheumatics. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Including Purchase Tax.

FYNNON
NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

FYNNON LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Afraid to Eat?

IF burning pain or agonising flatulence and heartburn make you dread mealtimes, take a little Bisurated Magnesia after your next meal. By neutralising the excess acid which causes most stomach troubles, 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings you new, instant relief. The pain you have learned to dread ceases. You can eat what you please and digest it with ease. This blessed relief from pain, heartburn and other distressing symptoms of indigestion will improve your spirits and general well being and make you look forward with pleasure to meals. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/8 & 2/10 Tablets, 7d. 1/8 & 2/10 (including Purchase Tax)

Make up what she's missing with Mars!

These days, especially, children need lots of calories—the fuel element of food which must constantly be replaced. So think goodness for Mars! There are 6 calories in every Mars Bar * that tasty chocolate-coated bar with its toothsome caramel layer and delicious malted centre. But supplies are limited. So be unselfish. Leave Mars for the youngsters.

* Calories vom get for 2½d. Eggs—42; Milk—212; Beef—131 ; Boiled Sweets—145 ; Mars—270.

Mars

grand food—grand flavour 2½d

GOOD-BYE TO HIS FUEHRER!

A GREAT roar with a pulsing beat in it: I feel in my bones the quiver and the leap of the mighty engines. Night and the distance swallow the aerodrome. The earth shoots away. The sky rushes down.

I tell you, I feel the power of a god that strikes from on high. I am riding on the wings of the Angel of Death, the incomparable German bomber. I climb as an eagle climbs—to look down, unseen, and so blast out of the sky like a thunderbolt. The plane throbs, singing, and so does my heart. I am going to bomb England.

I hear the words of my superior officer:

"This is your first raid over England. You have your objective. You will bomb it according to programme. If circumstances prevent you from doing so, let your bombs fall where they will do most good.

"Remember although you are not specifically making war on women and children—no sentiment. Pity for the enemies of the Fuehrer is treason against the Reich. Destroy any point at which Englanders crawl. Man, woman or child, the English must be made to feel the weight of our fist.

"Always remember, in war, frightfulness is humane, because it shortens war. You will return, not to this aerodrome, but to the aerodrome at F—. It is a good thing for the masses to see you depart.

"But if one or more of you happens to achieve the honour of dying for the Fuehrer and so does not return, the possibility of idiotic speculation is thus obviated. John Bull is already on his knees. Stop at nothing. Good luck. Heil Hitler!"

My engines have settled down now into a steady chant, such as Thor might have sung as he went to battle swinging his red-hot hammer. We eat up the distance. There is some moonlight. Clouds like curdled milk drift over.

I see below me tiny silver blocks and pyramids: these are streets of houses, which are large to those who live on the ground, but smaller than toys to me. From this height Man is invisible and his greatest work no larger than a matchbox.

I soar above it all in my great machine marked with the Cross of Germany. Under my finger lies sudden death. I can let loose the thunderbolts of my Fuehrer's anger with as little effort as is needed to knock ash off a cigarette.

Nazi airman before taking off for a raid over England, and (right) en route to his "German Headquarters" — a prison camp.

Shot-Down Hun Gets A Rude Awakening

I am through! I yell "Sieg Heil!" and send down my bombs. God in Heaven. I could ride on the wings of those screaming bombs and kiss them as they fall! I see only a grey drip of falling steel—no more. Do they strike? Soon I shall see a redness of England burning.

I climb. Something comes, howling. For one moment I feel that somebody is drilling my plane with a pneumatic drill. A Hurricane comes down upon us like a hawk. One of us returns his fire: there are cross-currents of murder.

One of my planes seems to rear its nose in a kind of agony, like a man shot in the back, low down: a Pole I got outside Warsaw went up and backwards rather like that.

It rolls over and goes down coughing its life out in smoke and flame. It is my old friend Kurt, who has consummated a heroic life and died in the air like a German eagle. But fate reserves me for other things.

I drive under the belly of a cloud and am lost to sight. It is pointless to engage a Hurricane. I feel that I am safe. Then I feel, in the heart of my beautiful engine, a palpitation and a staggering.

I know then that I must come down. It is my duty to save my life if I can, to serve the Fuehrer who trained me and who loves me.

I bale out. My machine goes bobbing down. I drop like a stone in the cold night . . . jerk the cord, still drop . . . . then something catches and holds me under the arms, and above me the white flower of my parachute blossoms in the searchlight. I fall. The ground comes up, like a rising lift with a green roof. My heels strike, my knees take the jolt. There is English mud on my boots.

I am surrounded by slovenly and undisciplined soldiers of the English Home Guard and am levelled rifles. I note that these are either old soldiers of the last war or very young ones. It is satisfaction to me to see how our invading army in Britain must have wiped out the cream of "English manhood.

I speak to them in the tone of command appropriate to me as one of the Fuehrer's eagles:

"It will be best for you," I say in English, "if you conduct me at once to the headquarters of the German forces in Kent, or at least to the German lines. You will be rewarded if you do and punished severely if you do not."

DEMANDED A CIGARETTE

A soldier of forty, with three stripes on his sleeve, a ribbon on his breast, and an absurd, vacant grin on his face, says:

"You're over-excited. Fritz—that's what's the matter with you—over-excited. Come on. Get that nightie off.

I say: "How do you know that my name is Friedrich? In any case, do as I say immediately.

He replies: "I don't know what you're talking about. German lines, eh? *I'll* take you to the German lines all right."

I thank him. I go with him and the soldiers. I have been informed that our army in England is sweeping all before it. I demand a cigarette. The sergeant says, "You can't light it out here, Fritz. There's an air raid on. Or didn't you know?"

The simplicity of the English is sometimes humorous. I am taken to an adjacent farmhouse. As if *I* did not know!

* * *

The woman of the house has a healthy respect for the Nazi conquerors. I was pleased to see this. She was a big fair woman, with a startled expression. The sergeant said to her: "We've got an honoured guest for you, Ma. Kill the fatted calf."

It pays to be courteous to the vanquished, sometimes. I replied, "Thank you; I am not hungry just now. Do not kill your calf on my account."

She paused and said: "Well, would you like a cup of tea?"

"You have tea? And milk?" I asked.

"That's all right," she said.

"If you have tea and milk," I said, "then this must be within our lines."

"What does he mean?"

"Fritz," said the sergeant, "what is German for baloney?"

"You mean," I said, "Bologna, a kind of sausage, an Italian sausage, Bologna. I have none to offer you. I have some milk tablets, if they are of any use to you. No doubt we permit you to have your rations in the usual way. And if you have fat calves to kill you cannot be really hungry. Come, now, let us drink this cup of tea and be on our way."

The woman of the farm was trembling a little. I said to her: "Have no fear, my good woman. If you are helpful and courteous to me nobody will hurt you."

The tea was strong and black. "Take this away, if you please," I said, "and pour me a weak cup, straw-coloured. Do you understand?"

"What's he talking about?" she asked. "Where does he think he is?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the sergeant. He roared, suddenly, with laughter, and said: "Poor devil! You know what he thinks? He thinks there's a Jerry army over here."

Turning to me, he said: "*Achtung*"—he pronounced it *ash-tongue* — "you've got the wrong end of the stick. You ain't being polite to us. We're being polite to you. Comprez? You're our prisoner, you silly little twirp. You ain't got no army here, and never will have, not in a thousand years. And in a minute a car'll be here to take you away. Got it now. 'Indenburg?"

* * *

I am taken away. It is a misery for me, a flier, a man of the wind and the clouds, an eagle of Germany, to be shut in a railway carriage en route for imprisonment.

But there are things with which I may cheer myself on the way. I see shattered roofs. I see houses reduced to shells. I see an iron bedstead perched on a broken chimney. I see the wallpaper of private rooms wide open to the wind and the rain. By God, we have bombed and bombed! We, the children of the thunder!

In this chaos of shattered red brick....in this famished waste of blockaded England....what fight can be left? In our time, in our Fuehrer's time, we shall strike, once and for all. With the nerve-centres of England bombed to paralysis; with London smashed to a rubbish-heap, like a greater Warsaw; awful Warsaw; how long can the mad English endure?

INFORMATION NOT EXACT

We arrive at a city. I am put in a car. I see the rush and bustle of light and heavy traffic in excellently ordered streets; the coming and going of well-dressed crowds; an air of calm, a look of solidity in the big, queer, old-fashioned buildings.

"What town is this?" I ask.

"London."

"Excuse me," I say. "That is not possible."

"Why not?"

"Because London has been blitzed."

"You couldn't be expected to understand," says my informant, "that you can blitz London day and night for a month, and still leave a vast city. And let me tell you something. If by some miracle you Jerries blitz the whole of London flat, the very stones would fight back at you. Don't you know that as soon as you knock one house down we plan two more, bigger and better ones? Ah, you Jerries . . . ."

It seems that I have been misinformed again. If the Fuehrer says so, it is right . . . I mean, if the Fuehrer gives information other than exact, it has some good purpose.

I am in camp now, and I am not starving. On the contrary, I eat reasonably well.

Now I am here. I have been here some time. I have made friends. We talk. We used to say: "Next week our boys will come." . . . The English must break . . . . The English have no supplies."

Yet a long time has passed. The English do not break. I hear the heavy, calm footsteps of the guard....stolid, placid, looking like tradesmen, unemotional, always maddeningly genial and immovable Clump....clump....clump. They pass and repass. They, like us, are well fed. Their eyes and boots are bright.

Who is wrong? There is some mistake. I do not quite understand. It is our Fuehrer who hoodwinked England. And yet.... Things are not as our Fuehrer says; no. Is it, dear God, is it possible that things are not as our Fuehrer *thinks*? That he has hoodwinked not England, but himself—may I be pardoned for the blasphemy!—and we with him?

I have read my 'Mein Kampf.' Our Fuehrer miscalculated with England. He himself respects the English. Then is it, all things considered, not altogether an impossibility that England might, just *might*, win this war? Like the last?

It is impossible. We *must* win. And yet....

THIS article is based on statements made by a German pilot shot down over England, and reflects a curious Nazi attitude of mind that is rapidly being cured by the non-stop onslaughts of the RAF over Germany.

CROSS-CURRENTS OF MURDER

There is nothing in life so superb as to fly high over a sleeping town in a powerful machine loaded with high-explosive bombs.

I thirst for the pleasure of the kill, the glorious, supernatural pleasure of killing from 15,000 ft. in the air, from which distance all men are equal in their littleness and the aviator is alone and great, like a god.

Anti-aircraft fire breaks out. It is like the shaking of great blankets. I catch the slam and reverberation of the shell-bursts. My heart beats higher, not with fear. The sky is my friend; the clouds are on my side.

Heaven holds a veil over me. While I pass, and the shells burst harmlessly, merely making me sway like a boat on a gentle swell at sea. The golden flashes are powerless against me. The air is alive with flying iron, but none of it touches me.

I am through! I yell "Sieg Heil!" and send down my bombs. God in Heaven. I could ride on the wings of those screaming bombs and kiss them as they fall! I see only a grey drip of falling steel—no more. Do they strike? Soon I shall see a redness of England burning.

I climb. Something comes, howling. For one moment I feel that somebody is drilling my plane with a pneumatic drill. A Hurricane comes down upon us like a hawk. One of us returns his fire: there are cross-currents of murder.

One of my planes seems to rear its nose in a kind of agony, like a man shot in the back, low down: a Pole I got outside Warsaw went up and backwards rather like that.

It rolls over and goes down coughing its life out in smoke and flame. It is my old friend Kurt, who has consummated a heroic life and died in the air like a German eagle. But fate reserves me for other things.

I drive under the belly of a cloud and am lost to sight. It is pointless to engage a Hurricane. I feel that I am safe. Then I feel, in the heart of my beautiful engine, a palpitation and a staggering.

I know then that I must come down. It is my duty to save my life if I can, to serve the Fuehrer who trained me and who loves me.

I bale out. My machine goes bobbing down. I drop like a stone in the cold night . . . jerk the cord, still drop . . . . then something catches and holds me under the arms, and above me the white flower of my parachute blossoms in the searchlight. I fall. The ground comes up, like a rising lift with a green roof. My heels strike, my knees take the jolt. There is English mud on my boots.

I am surrounded by slovenly and undisciplined soldiers of the English Home Guard and am levelled rifles. I note that these are either old soldiers of the last war or very young ones. It is satisfaction to me to see how our invading army in Britain must have wiped out the cream of "English manhood.

I speak to them in the tone of command appropriate to me as one of the Fuehrer's eagles:

"It will be best for you," I say in English, "if you conduct me at once to the headquarters of the German forces in Kent, or at least to the German lines. You will be rewarded if you do and punished severely if you do not."

DEMANDED A CIGARETTE

A soldier of forty, with three stripes on his sleeve, a ribbon on his breast, and an absurd, vacant grin on his face, says:

"You're over-excited. Fritz—that's what's the matter with you—over-excited. Come on. Get that nightie off.

I say: "How do you know that my name is Friedrich? In any case, do as I say immediately.

He replies: "I don't know what you're talking about. German lines, eh? *I'll* take you to the German lines all right."

I thank him. I go with him and the soldiers. I have been informed that our army in England is sweeping all before it. I demand a cigarette. The sergeant says, "You can't light it out here, Fritz. There's an air raid on. Or didn't you know?"

The simplicity of the English is sometimes humorous. I am taken to an adjacent farmhouse. As if *I* did not know!

* * *

The woman of the house has a healthy respect for the Nazi conquerors. I was pleased to see this. She was a big fair woman, with a startled expression. The sergeant said to her: "We've got an honoured guest for you, Ma. Kill the fatted calf."

It pays to be courteous to the vanquished, sometimes. I replied, "Thank you; I am not hungry just now. Do not kill your calf on my account."

She paused and said: "Well, would you like a cup of tea?"

"You have tea? And milk?" I asked.

"That's all right," she said.

"If you have tea and milk," I said, "then this must be within our lines."

"What does he mean?"

"Fritz," said the sergeant, "what is German for baloney?"

"You mean," I said, "Bologna, a kind of sausage, an Italian sausage, Bologna. I have none to offer you. I have some milk tablets, if they are of any use to you. No doubt we permit you to have your rations in the usual way. And if you have fat calves to kill you cannot be really hungry. Come, now, let us drink this cup of tea and be on our way."

The woman of the farm was trembling a little. I said to her: "Have no fear, my good woman. If you are helpful and courteous to me nobody will hurt you."

The tea was strong and black. "Take this away, if you please," I said, "and pour me a weak cup, straw-coloured. Do you understand?"

"What's he talking about?" she asked. "Where does he think he is?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the sergeant. He roared, suddenly, with laughter, and said: "Poor devil! You know what he thinks? He thinks there's a Jerry army over here."

Turning to me, he said: "*Achtung*"—he pronounced it *ash-tongue* — "you've got the wrong end of the stick. You ain't being polite to us. We're being polite to you. Comprez? You're our prisoner, you silly little twirp. You ain't got no army here, and never will have, not in a thousand years. And in a minute a car'll be here to take you away. Got it now. 'Indenburg?"

* * *

I am taken away. It is a misery for me, a flier, a man of the wind and the clouds, an eagle of Germany, to be shut in a railway carriage en route for imprisonment.

But there are things with which I may cheer myself on the way. I see shattered roofs. I see houses reduced to shells. I see an iron bedstead perched on a broken chimney. I see the wallpaper of private rooms wide open to the wind and the rain. By God, we have bombed and bombed! We, the children of the thunder!

In this chaos of shattered red brick....in this famished waste of blockaded England....what fight can be left? In our time, in our Fuehrer's time, we shall strike, once and for all. With the nerve-centres of England bombed to paralysis; with London smashed to a rubbish-heap, like a greater Warsaw; awful Warsaw; how long can the mad English endure?

INFORMATION NOT EXACT

We arrive at a city. I am put in a car. I see the rush and bustle of light and heavy traffic in excellently ordered streets; the coming and going of well-dressed crowds; an air of calm, a look of solidity in the big, queer, old-fashioned buildings.

"What town is this?" I ask.

"London."

"Excuse me," I say. "That is not possible."

"Why not?"

"Because London has been blitzed."

"You couldn't be expected to understand," says my informant, "that you can blitz London day and night for a month, and still leave a vast city. And let me tell you something. If by some miracle you Jerries blitz the whole of London flat, the very stones would fight back at you. Don't you know that as soon as you knock one house down we plan two more, bigger and better ones? Ah, you Jerries . . . ."

It seems that I have been misinformed again. If the Fuehrer says so, it is right . . . I mean, if the Fuehrer gives information other than exact, it has some good purpose.

I am in camp now, and I am not starving. On the contrary, I eat reasonably well.

Now I am here. I have been here some time. I have made friends. We talk. We used to say: "Next week our boys will come." . . . The English must break . . . . The English have no supplies."

Yet a long time has passed. The English do not break. I hear the heavy, calm footsteps of the guard....stolid, placid, looking like tradesmen, unemotional, always maddeningly genial and immovable Clump....clump....clump. They pass and repass. They, like us, are well fed. Their eyes and boots are bright.

Who is wrong? There is some mistake. I do not quite understand. It is our Fuehrer who hoodwinked England. And yet.... Things are not as our Fuehrer says; no. Is it, dear God, is it possible that things are not as our Fuehrer *thinks*? That he has hoodwinked not England, but himself—may I be pardoned for the blasphemy!—and we with him?

I have read my 'Mein Kampf.' Our Fuehrer miscalculated with England. He himself respects the English. Then is it, all things considered, not altogether an impossibility that England might, just *might*, win this war? Like the last?

It is impossible. We *must* win. And yet....

PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER

It seems reasonably accurate to assume that there is *not* a more or less victorious German army fighting upon battle-fronts from Norfolk to Kent, and that the English are *not* yet driven back and fighting desperately to hold the outer suburbs of London against Panzer divisions.

Yet I was informed that such really was the case. I do not regard myself as being therefore the victim of a lie, from Fuehrer downwards than I —wiser than all the world put together. He has on every possible occasion demonstrated himself to be so.

If it accords with his pleasure or his plans to say a thing that is not so, I rest assured that there is a wise and politic purpose in it all, and admire him the more for it.

If we are not in England at this moment, we shall be in a very little while.

As a reasonable man, I put two and two together. I work out this English situation, like a simple problem in arithmetic.

(1) Since landing in this country, I have been treated with all imaginable courtesy and respect. Now, where is the point in treating a defeated enemy like this, if you really feel that victory sits upon your right hand? What have you to gain by offering your precious tea and tobacco to a fallen enemy? Nothing. It is obvious to me, therefore, that:—

(2) Though our armies have not yet landed, the English momentarily expect them to land, and therefore hope to gain favour with the victorious German invaders by lavish treatment of German prisoners.

I am questioned as to my objective, interrogation—the usual questions, which I, naturally, do not answer. Concerning my target, I say: "Let that speak for itself, gentlemen."

The officer questioning me says: "It does and will. You have bombed an orphanage. Rest assured that that outrage will speak for itself, and in a manner you may not like."

To me, enemies are enemies. I shrug my shoulders. It is, no doubt, a pity. But it is a blow to the Fuehrer's enemies. Nothing is calculated to be more disheartening to a sentimental people like the English than the spectacle of "massacred innocents," as they might say.

They tend to ask themselves if anything on earth is worth that sacrifice; and so the war is shortened. After all, there are always plenty of children.

I have on the tip of my tongue a joke: that if I have deprived England of a few Germans, our Luftwaffe will make her plenty more. But I say nothing else.

I am taken away. It is a misery for me, a flier, a man of the wind and the clouds, an eagle of Germany, to be shut in a railway carriage en route for imprisonment.

But there are things with which I may cheer myself on the way. I see shattered roofs. I see houses reduced to shells. I see an iron bedstead perched on a broken chimney. I see the wallpaper of private rooms wide open to the wind and the rain. By God, we have bombed and bombed! We, the children of the thunder!

In this chaos of shattered red brick....in this famished waste of blockaded England....what fight can be left? In our time, in our Fuehrer's time, we shall strike, once and for all. With the nerve-centres of England bombed to paralysis; with London smashed to a rubbish-heap, like a greater Warsaw; awful Warsaw; how long can the mad English endure?

LIFE'S BIG PROBLEMS

DUTY—AND THE DODGERS

By the People's Friend

For the benefit of the uninitiated, and I hope this includes you—the "wide boys" won't need telling—"wide" means shrewd or cunning in their peculiar slang.

Before the war you met the "wide boys" at dog tracks, race meetings, prize fights and in various disreputable clubs and pool rooms. They never seemed to work; they always had a pound or two to spend.

* * *

SINCE the war their numbers have multiplied. There are even "wide girls" now. Getting a living still doesn't worry them. Their first and only concern is to dodge military service or any sort of responsibility; to let decent men and women fight and work and make all the sacrifices.

I heard one "wide boy" the other day openly boasting of how he had fooled the doctors at his medical examination and been graded as unfit for service.

"There's nothing in it," he was telling his friends. "Listen...." He really thought he had been smart.

* * *

JUST like all the other dodgers and wanglers do. They're all "in the know." They can get you extra meat or butter or eggs, petrol coupons or a faked identity card—all for a consideration.

They're proud of their shrewdness. Any of them reading this are probably grinning at the "mug" who wrote it.

Well, here's where the "mug" tells them his candid opinion of them.

They are a bunch of yellow rats not fit to breathe the same air as the rest of their fellow countrymen.

And if there is one job I'd like after this war, it would be kicking them hard and individually out of the land they wouldn't raise a hand to help.

DAPHNE PLAYS DOCTOR

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED BY A FOOD

NOT a medicine, not a drug, All-Bran is a crisp, delicious breakfast food. Eat it regularly every morning for breakfast, drink plenty of fluids, and you can say goodbye to constipation for ever. You'll be gloriously fit—full of the boundless vitality that comes only from perfect regularity." Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

THE NEW RATION BOOKS

You will have to register again this time whether you wish to change your retailer or not. You can choose any retailer you like but it is best to register your whole family at the same shop. There is no need to go to the same shop for everything.

You must register between July 7 and 19. If you have not registered by July 19, you may not get your rations when your new Ration Books and your new registrations start on July 28.

HOW TO REGISTER

You will find counterfoils in both the Main Book, page 25 (page 23 in Child's Book) and in the Yellow Book (pages 12 and 13).

Fill in the counterfoils yourself. Do not ask the retailer to do it for you. He is very short of staff and has not the time.

MEAT, Yellow Book, page 13.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your butcher.

NOTE—Write a large C on the Yellow Meat counterfoil which you fill in for your child if the child has a green Ration Book.

BUTTER, MARGARINE AND COOKING FATS, Yellow Book, page 13.
On the butter and margarine counterfoil fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.

NOTE.—Do not write on the counterfoil for cooking fats. You do not have to register separately for cooking fats but they must be bought from the same shop as your butter and margarine.

SUGAR AND PRESERVES, Yellow Book, page 12.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.

NOTE.—Do not register for sugar and preserves separately. They must be bought from the same shop.

BACON AND HAM, Yellow Book, page 13.
Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.

CHEESE, Main Book, page 25. Child's Book, page 23.
The counterfoil marked with a large B must be used. Fill in your name and address, your National Registration No., your Ration Book serial No., and the name and address of your retailer.

NOTE.—If you are entitled to the special B ons. cheese ration do NOT use this counterfoil. Take your Ration Book to the Food Office between July 7 and 19.

EGGS.
If you have not yet registered for eggs do so at once using the counterfoil on the third spare page—page 14 of the old Ration Book. (Page 13, Child's Book.)

DO NOT CUT OUT ANY OF THE COUNTERFOILS. Take the book to the retailers concerned and they will cut them out.

Make sure you fill in the names and addresses of your NEW retailers inside the front and back covers of the Main Book, not your present retailers if you are changing.

Fill in the name and address of your present egg retailer in the blank space just below the bottom line on the inside of the back cover of the Main Book.

Fill in *your own* name and address on the reference leaf—top section only (Main Book, page 3). Fill in the date of birth in the bottom section, if under 18. *Do not cut this page out.*

FOOD FACTS 49

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

All you who are RUNDOWN, WEAK, DEPRESSED, TIRED, need this amazing TONIC and FOOD combined!

It is concentrated into small tablets and is called Vitaip. Start taking it today. Re-quench your body — supply all those life-giving substances so vital to your health and strength—so vital to life itself. See how quickly the tremendous food values in Vitaip Iron and Tablets builds you up. Nerves steady, appetite rises. You gain vigour—vitality —increased energy. You have found the way back to new health and strength.

Here is a wonderful Tonic and Food which gives you a daily ration of body-building minerals and vitamins.

Made from a newly-discovered tea plant it contains 9 essential minerals as well as **Food Iodine** and **Vitamin B**.

For instance, one week's supply gives you as much CALCIUM as 49 EGGS, as much IRON as 161 lbs. of ORANGES, as much PHOSPHORUS as 28 lbs. of BUTTER, as much Vitamin B as 81 lbs. of CABBAGES.

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet, crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Hewlett Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. P.T.C. 6, 128/134, Bunhill, London, W.1. You needn't pay a penny.

FREE!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

5/6 on every 15/-

How can I make this?

Buy National Savings Certificates. They cost 15/- each and automatically grow in value, year by year, until they are worth 20/6 each at the end of 10 years.

What about Income Tax?

You pay no Income Tax on this increase in the value of your Savings Certificates.

Can I buy more than one Certificate at a time?

Yes. You can buy them up to the limit allowed to each individual — that is, a maximum holding of 500 Certificates.

Can I buy them by instalments?

Yes. You can buy National Savings Stamps costing 6d. or 2/6 each, and when you have sufficient you can exchange them for a Certificate.

Where do I buy Savings Certificates?

You can buy them at any Post Office, Bank or Trustee Savings Bank, through a Savings Group or from shops acting as Honorary Official Agents.

Suppose I need my money quickly?

You can cash National Savings Certificates at any time by giving a few days' notice. You will receive back the purchase price plus any increase earned to date.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

PRIME RICH BEEF for

AN ESSENTIAL HOUSEHOLD STORE

OXO Cubes — Still only 1d each

THERE IS NOTHING TO BEAT IT

I WRITE TO LET YOU KNOW THE GREAT BENEFIT I HAVE GOT FROM TAKING MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Dear Sirs, Co. Down.

It is with great pleasure that I write to let you know of the benefit I have got from taking MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.

I have been a sufferer for many years with gastritis and tried everything but nothing did me any good until I started taking your MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. I haven't had a stomach attack now for 18 months and I would recommend it to anyone who is suffering from any sort of Stomach trouble. There is nothing to beat it. I remain,

Yours sincerely (Mrs.) McC.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is the speediest and most successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea, and the proved safeguard against those dread complications Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

Remember, this remarkable remedial combination, used in hospitals, and approved by doctors and nurses alike, is the one that really does bring instant relief and ends the trouble entirely.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.—Advt.

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d. & 1/3 including Tax

Prices U.K. only

Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs

NO MESS NO WASTE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GD215

YOURS for 1/6 deposit

£2.2 value for 22/11

Why not be dressed in the smartest of today's fashions? Imagine yourself in this most attractive, slickest little dress, any woman could desire. Lustrous Art Silk in Satin Back oatmeal finish, with a choice of the gayest of colours in Violet, Laurel Green, Wine, Powder Blue and Navy. Superbly cut to slim and mould your figure. A Frock without equal at the price, and no extra charged for the remarkably easy terms. Send only 1/6 deposit and 6d. for postage and try it on in your own home. If satisfactory balance payable 2/6 monthly until 22/11 is paid.

Sizes SSW, Bust 33. SW, Bust 35. W, Bust 37. State length required.

Write for our SPECIAL FASHION GUIDE AND SHOE CATALOGUE. All on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. P. 173), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

Let's Talk It Over

"Man o' the People" writes on "Things That Matter to You and Me"

RATHER like a tank himself in his speed of action, his armour-plated indifference to criticism and his tendency to smash through obstacles instead of going round them, Lord Beaverbrook, in his new post as Minister of Supply, means to procure for the nation all the tanks it needs; perhaps 50,000 of them. No man could be better fitted for his big job. He worked like a Beaver when we needed aeroplanes more than anything else, and he delivered the goods. He is probably the only Minister who is never overawed by Winston himself.

BRITAIN'S "CHAUFFEURS IN ARMOUR"

Somebody, undoubtedly, had to tackle the production muddle. We all knew—and no official reassurances or consolations from any source whatever could blind us to things we saw with our own eyes—that output is not what it could be or should be.

"Man o' the People" is still convinced that Churchill ought to have a "Second-in-Command" able to relieve him completely of this difficult, but essentially domestic, problem.

Lord Beaverbrook *may* act in this capacity, although he has not been given an over-riding authority. I take the view, however, that he means to get us 50,000 tanks, and if any of his colleagues attempt to impede him with red tape or personal rivalry it is going to be just too bad—for them.

In any case, we *must* have the tanks. They are as important in land fighting as bombers and fighters are important in the air.

The Russo-German war is giving us additional proof of this cardinal fact day by day. Machines, mightier than their makers, are dominating the vast conflict in Eastern Europe.

Men still count for something and morale for much. Nevertheless, we live in the machine age, and we cannot command victory until our machinery of war is bigger and better than Hitler's.

★

CABINET changes seldom come as much of a shock to you and to me. More often than not they are the outcome of a new shuffle with no new deal to follow it.

But it is no good pretending that General Wavell's transfer to India has taken place without anxious questioning in many minds.

Mr. Churchill does not propose to supply any explanation for this important "switch" in the High Command, and perhaps we should be wise to seek none.

Let the Nazis do the wondering! Why should we put the dots on the "i's" for them? I am glad to think, at all events, that the Government has the courage to make such an important change at this vital stage in the development of the world war.

Britain owes a debt of gratitude to General Wavell for the destruction of the Italian armies in Africa. We can but wish him well in the important command he now assumes, and count upon his successor to advance our cause in the Middle East.

★

WE are apt, perhaps, to build up the reputation of our "big men" beyond the limits of prudence. On the other hand, we display a singular reluctance to publicise the exploits of our lesser champions.

The Russians do not make this mistake. Their official communiqués have more human interest than any others. When they have some gallant feat of arms to record, they name the officer who brought it off and they pay tribute to the brave men who carried out his orders.

Our Service authorities do not do this, and I have never understood why not. We have to wait until our Mungo Parks are missing and probably killed before we are told of their splendid achievements.

Officially there are no "Aces" in this war because the Brass Hats keep every one of them up their braided sleeves.

★

IT is argued that the Air Force prefers this studied anonymity, but I don't believe it. During the conflict of 1914-1918 all our flying men were inspired by the example of the acknowledged "Aces." So were the French.

And so was the public! I am confident that in this matter Russia is in the right of it and we are in the wrong. We ought to "cash in" on the publicity value of our most daring and successful fighters.

By the same token we ought to focus the limelight on the Royal Tank Corps just as we have been focusing it on the RAF.

★

YOU know, bad publicity is as rare as bad beer. The Spitfire funds were launched on a wave of Press write-ups. Today we need bombers almost more than fighters, but the bomber "build-up" is not so good.

And the tanks and their crews have scarcely had any publicity at all. They deserve it. It has been suggested that they ought to have a uniform as distinctive as the Air Force blue.

I think it is a good suggestion, but in any event we need to make the whole country "tank conscious"; we need to encourage recruitment to this special arm; and we ought to give all young fellows with a mechanical bent and mechanical experience the chance to join the Tank Corps in preference to any other unit.

Great numbers of tanks may be needed to defend these islands, but I look forward to the day when our highly mechanised army will attack the Nazis on the Continent.

When that day comes—*not "if," but "when"*—you can bet your shirt that our "chauffeurs in armour" will put up as good a show as their comrades in Air Force blue.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

THE CANDLE OF YOUR COURAGE MAY BE A BEACON TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR

WILL our heroes continue to be nameless even then? The answer to that question, and others far more important, would seem to depend upon the future status of the Ministry of Information, aptly described by Mr. Bernays as a "glorified Stationery Office."

Last week's debate in the House seems to have satisfied nobody, except possibly Mr. Duff Cooper himself. He said, cautiously, that "complete satisfaction is given to few of us," but added that he was "sufficiently satisfied" with the new arrangements to be willing to carry on and work as hard as he can to make them a success.

Sir Walter Monckton, on the other hand, *is* far from satisfied. "If the powers-that-be want us to attack a tank with a pitchfork," he observed, "we'll go to it. But don't start telling us that our pitchfork is a tank, because we think we know the difference."

And the Director-General of the M.O.I. *does* know the difference. Journalists have found him both helpful and understanding. Unfortunately, the Service censors and the Foreign Office have always had, and will continue to have, the last word on the publication of news and propaganda.

In short, the Ministry of Information is to remain under the gag. Where Goebbels has an almost entirely free hand, Duff Cooper has to do what he is told.

★

EVEN the Government seems uneasy about this situation, for Sir John Anderson has promised to "review the position if unexpected difficulties arise."

Unfortunately they will not be unexpected by the Press. The Service mind is familiar to us already. It thinks that the public and the newspapers should be grateful for whatever news it chooses to release.

Can any Ministry of Information function well under the control of men who are not "news-minded"? To answer that question, use your imagination. It is more than the Ministry will be allowed to do.

★

STALIN'S astonishingly frank speech to his own people was a model of daringly truthful propaganda. He did not attempt to conceal Germany's gains. He did not try to minimise the extreme gravity of the situation.

That proves, if it proves nothing else, that he is not afraid to trust his countrymen with the truth. More than that, he gave them practical advice. He told them to burn and destroy and sabotage all the crops and factories and railways they may be forced to abandon.

He frightened Germany with the prospect of her advancing armies becoming engulfed in a scorched and barren wilderness.

His denunciation of Hitler's treachery and greed was as scathing as Mr. Churchill's has ever been, but he also emphasised as perhaps no British spokesman has yet done, that the Nazis and the Fascists are making war, not only upon Russia, but also upon the working classes everywhere.

This is literally true. The German workers know that there is no freedom for them under the Swastika, nor ever will be even though Hitler were to become master of the world.

Vast numbers of these workers have no heart in the war against the Soviets. Stalin's speech, reiterated a score of times in the German tongue, will increase the bitterness of Hitler's secret enemies in his own country.

It is also to be noted that Stalin, in speaking of the powerful support that Russia can count upon from Great Britain and the United States, ignored ancient controversies and distrusts.

He is content, as Churchill is content, to count all Hitler's enemies his friends. Recriminations are fatal to any friendship, and it therefore behoves us all to avoid them from now on.

★

THOSE who are not with us are against us. P. G. Wodehouse, who takes no interest in "politics," but has made two broadcasts from Berlin, where he now enjoys the run of the Adlon Hotel and the hospitality of several delightful German Johnnies, can scarcely be said to be with us any longer.

Wodehouse is a great humourist. He invented "Bertie Wooster," a brainless young ass of great possessions whose sole object in life was to get as much out of it as he could for himself.

"P. G." hasn't done too badly on his own account. His books have earned him big money for many years. He stayed abroad all through the last war, and has not been resident in this country since then long enough to pay much income tax.

Now he has been released from internment and is enjoying freedom—of a sort.

But, contrasting one broadcast with another—Stalin's tremendous call to 180,000,000 people ready to fight and die for liberty, and "Wooster" Wodehouse's non-political blah to his precious public—what honest man can avoid the conclusion that "P. G." has cracked his worst joke?

It may be a joke to crack a bad egg, but it stinks just the same.

★

DOES a man like Wodehouse matter much to you and to me? Probably not, but it matters enormously that none of us should share his feeling that "politics" are unimportant and that the war itself is scarcely a personal concern.

It was never more personal than it is now. Millions of Americans, three thousand miles away from the life and death struggle which has engulfed a continent, are beginning at last to realise that their own homes and their private lives are threatened with disaster.

The interventionist party in the United States is growing stronger with every passing week. Independence Day was celebrated in America in an entirely new spirit. Indeed, a great nation has become conscious that its own independence is, utterly, dependent on the survival of freedom in a free world.

So is yours and mine. The Russians are fighting magnificently. Even their womenfolk are displaying what the enemy himself describes as "unbelievable courage."

But it is not "unbelievable"; it is the sublime and inevitable courage that goes with a passionate faith in a great cause.

A few weeks ago some of us were praying for a miracle to happen. It has happened. It is a miracle that Hitler has turned to the East instead of the West.

We have been granted some weeks—perhaps months—of precious respite. If we use them to the utmost; if every one of us works now to the limit of his or her capacity; we shall be ready to meet and to smash the Nazis in the final battle that will restore peace and security to countless millions.

Man o' the People.

IT SEEMS TO ME—

We're Not Wise In Our Use Of Words!

By Philosopher

NOTHING IS RARER THAN THE USE OF A WORD IN ITS EXACT MEANING. WE TORTURE ONE POOR WORD SEVERAL TIMES AN HOUR. IT IS A PEG ON WHICH WE HANG A SCORE OF BURDENS.

"I was never so bethumped with words," wrote Shakespeare, "since first I called my brother's father 'dad.'"

"Communists" and "Communism." What do those words mean for *you*? When you hear them, what is *your* impression?

It may be one of several.

For one man, there is conjured a picture of Bill Sikes, ready to rob and kill.

For another, looms a sinister figure who glories in sabotage.

The churchgoing Christian has his nightmare of smashed altars and persecuted priests.

But let us—you and I—be purists, scrupulously careful in the use of words. What do *we* mean by "Communism"?

The word "Communism," *in itself*, simply implies "the community of property among all inhabitants."

* * *

TAKE heed, I am accepting its dictionary meaning, no more, no less, just as I could with a word immediately preceding it—"Communion."

And "Communion" gives one the notion of fellowship, particularly fellowship in religious service.

How comes it, then, that this word "Communism" is so far separated, in application, from its proper significance?

How does it happen that a Cabinet Minister declares, "We all hate Communism," when he could have more truly said, "We hate dictatorship"?

The misuse of this word has evolved through ignorance deepened by subtle misrepresentation.

* * *

FIRSTLY, FROM THE IGNORANCE OF PEOPLE, WHO AVOID WEIGHING TERMS FROM SHEER LAZINESS.

Secondly, from the misguidance of those who dread the disappearance of their individual power and privilege.

Mind you, I am no "Red." I do not believe that *Stalinism* would better *this* country.

I belong to no set of Russian *self-styled* "Communists"—who also misapply the name.

I see little good in hordes of "Communists" bovinely driven by local and central dictators.

This is no game of justifying an ideology which builds dictatorship on a foundation of mass ignorance.

I am mainly operating on a word which, through unfair treatment, has become diseased.

IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY CHURCH, CHRISTIANITY WAS COMMUNISM. "AND ALL THAT BELIEVED," WROTE SAINT LUKE, "WERE TOGETHER AND HAD ALL THINGS IN COMMON."

During nineteen hundred years, Christians have fallen away from such principles—largely through bad example.

For have not some of the highest ecclesiastical Christians yielded to silly, *selfish* show and ceremony that were never Christ's way?

Have not some hobnobbed with industrial dictators guilty of *anti-social* greed?

Have not others associated with tomfool political dictators—even after acts of treachery and mass murders?

And they have wept crocodile tears over a menace they *call* "Communism," and fools fell for it.

* * *

REALLY THEY WERE BACKING *THEIR* DICTATOR AGAINST ANOTHER, BECAUSE THEY THEMSELVES THRIVE ON THEIR OWN DICTATORSHIP.

Right now, "Christian" rulers of neutral countries pass by on the other side while millions are slain by those homicidal dictators, Hitler and Mussolini.

These good "Christian gentlemen," like our British quislings now in prison, have dictatorship in their blood.

They hate Christian communism. Of course, they do. And they clothe it in any devil's robe to scare timid souls away from it.

For my part, I should welcome that Christian communism of the old Church, working in a modern setting.

But it can come only through a change over from stupid, to intelligent, critical thought.

* * *

IT WILL COME NEARER, THROUGH THE INSISTENCE OF EDUCATED DEMOCRATIC CHOICE.

The choice that will not be bought by a kiss for the baby or a free motor ride at election time.

The choice that is dissatisfied with a system which throws forward only *two* dull, dragooned candidates at the polls.

The choice that will abolish all vested interests from Parliament—including joint stock directors with an eye for the main chance.

The choice that refuses to accept religious sweet nothings that are not Christian.

The choice that insists on an educational organisation which will improve on its own wisdom.

The choice which will nationalise available resources with the purpose of maximising *the common happiness.*

The choice that will bring us nearer a Christianity of modern times.

* * *

"WHAT IS TRUTH?" SAID PILATE, AND WOULD NOT STAY FOR AN ANSWER.

We have our modern Pilates, too, dictatorial Pilates, who would kill Christ again while giving him lip-service.

SECRET SERVICE NEWS

NEW Nazi department's sole duty is to hide damage and minimise effects of RAF daylight raids. But even youngsters laugh at Hun "cleverness" of imposing British markings on shot-down Luftwaffe planes, which are then paraded as German victories.

● Not only on account of RAF attacks, but because of failure to crush freedom ideals, Gestapo gunmen are now posted in almost every factory in occupied territory to prevent obstructionism and sabotage of urgent Nazi war needs.

● New signal by patriot workers to slow down production in these factories is the tapping out by hammers of the Morse letter V (Victoire). So widespread is the practice that Nazi anxiety is reflected by banning even the music of the popular Beethoven symphony which uses this Morse letter as its theme.

* * *

PROLONGED Soviet resistance and strong counter-tactics have further widened the breach in high Nazi circles. Military section blames Ribbentrop and Goebbels for inefficient fifth column work and inaccurate information about Stalin's resources and staff work.

● Apart from wrecking of Bucharest arsenals, the destruction of chief Hungarian munition plants near Budapest by Communists is one of the hardest blows yet taken by Hitler. When RAF first pounded Ruhr, certain vital Nazi war manufactures were secretly moved to this "friendly and helpful" neutral country.

* * *

HITLER is doing everything to hamstring Franco through pro-Nazi Suner and his Falangists, but several million Republicans are still in a majority in the chief industrial areas. Franco balances this, together with British naval might and nearness, against Nazi military might and Italian helplessness.

● Axis command in Libya is now months behind "build-up-and-attack" schedule, and is showing signs of deep depression. Not only are Italian railways unequal to the strain of moving more than a percentage of their needs, but British sea supremacy continually increases the dangers of their Mediterranean life-line.

* * *

DESPITE Gestapo restraint, the numbers of Mussolini's party leaders trying to find refuge abroad grows. But perhaps more significant of future trouble is the departure of wives and families of Royalist and anti-Fascist sympathisers while their men are "too busy" to leave.

● Mussolini's sons, who, at the first sign of danger, forgot their prowess gained by bombing unarmed Abyssinians and fled to South America, have been forced by social ostracism and open contempt to leave their recently acquired haciendas and live in the safety of Italian embassies.

* * *

SUBVERSIVE anti-Nazi activities in Norway have reached new heights. Himmler's most ruthless Gestapo officers, under the personal control of his second-in-command, are applying all their cunning and brutality to find the ringleaders, but have so far failed entirely.

CIGARETTE PAPERS

By The Lounger

ALFIE'S Father thinks well of radiolocation. He says it will help him to find his cheese ration.

—oo—

"Gold," says an economist, "does not lose its value." It's worth its weight in oranges.

—oo—

TODAY'S PROVERB

The hardships of the journey
Where every road is rough
Are part of life's own training
To make us strong and tough.

—oo—

WISDOM WEEK BY WEEK

The ship that holds to its course through all weathers will never be lost.

—oo—

LITTLE ALFIE ON "VANISHING TRICKS"

Father says he likes to see a bit of good cunjering, same as the next man, but he says he's never seen such a smart bit of slate-of-hand as the vannishing trick that tomatoes did when Lord Woolton started controling them.

Funny things, tomatoes. Thay didn't ½ blush red, Father says, at the price peeple were being charged for them. It must have made them feal so ashamed of theirselves! But what made 'em disappeer? You'd think thay'd all scooted for the shelter after heering some kind of siren. Coo, lummy, Father says, and to think that yeers ago he once wasted a hole ½-pound by chucking 'em from the gallery at a duff music-hall turn!

It's the same with eggs. I don't think it's the hen's fault, do you? Thay've been going to it all rite all the time. Thay don't need anybody to tell them to get on with a big production drive. But sumbody's playing tricks sumwhere. Sumbody is praps saving 'em to shy at Old Nasti in case of invasion. Mistaken policy, isn't it? Thay'd much better go to it, making mewnitions.

And take fish. You'd think fish wud have more sense. I meen, thay must be having a pretty orfle time at the bottom of the sea, what with mines, submareens and Italian battleships bumping down on 'em, you'd think the fish wud sine a seperate piece and give themselves up to the fishermen, just to save themselves trubble. But these fish seem to be more afraid of Lord Woolton than of all the perrils of the deep.

But I reckon we've all got to get together and stop these shortages. I meen, if we can grow mustard - and - cress in Father's old bowler-hat, I reckon we ort to be able to do *sumthing* about tomatoes! And the same thing goes for eggs and fish. In fact, I don't have to look far for my Bewtiful Thort:—

In digging hard for victory, us
lads must bear the brunt,
And I meen to be victorious on
the old tomato front!

—oo—

POSER

1	2	
3		
4		

IN this cross-number puzzle each square is occupied by a single digit. x is a whole number Clues:

1 across is x^2.
2 down is $2x^2$.
3 across is $(x - 4)^3$.
4 across is $6x^2$.

Solution to last Sunday's poser:

If the distance round the track were one mile, the cyclists would again be abreast at that point in one hour. Since the lap is 4 furlongs 32 poles, they will be again abreast in

$$\frac{\text{4 fur. 32 pls.}}{\text{1 mile}} \text{ of 1 hour}$$

i.e., $\frac{192}{320}$ of 1 hour; *i.e.*, 36 mins.

Did you know that—

THE average dog understands the meaning of about 60 words?

* A Pittsburgh, U.S.A., man claims a method of making concrete air-raid shelters with rubber balloon containers?

* In one month, U.S. Department of Agriculture bought more than 210 million pounds of pork and lard for Britain under Lease-Lend Bill?

* A fast baseball pitcher can throw a ball 61½ ft. in about two-fifths of a second?

* During the entire world war, 1914-18, only 380 tons of bombs were dropped on London?

* Largest poison-gas factory in world at Englewood, U.S.A., cost £9,000,000 to build?

* The Sanskrit word "war" means "We want more cows"?

* Three thousand pounds was paid for a portrait of Paderewski to advertise a make of piano?

* Air impregnated with oil of cinnamon will destroy typhoid germs in 45 minutes?

* Before the war, a cellar at Epernay, France, with 24 miles of storage racks, sometimes contained as many as 15,000,000 bottles of champagne?

Ten-Second Teasers

1.—*A place appointed for assembling; a place agreed upon for meeting; a word of ten letters?*

2.—*A town in Lancashire; the surname of a well-known singer and actor?*

3.—*Whole world desires this; the surname of a notorious criminal?*

4.—*Sticky material of various colours; the Christian name of a well-known compère?*

5.—*Name of a Church dignitary of an international footballer?*

6.—*Kind of carpet; name of a broadcasting star?*

7.—*Term used of the revival of art, letters, architecture, or any similar movement?*

8.—*Town that makes boots; Christian name of a well-known ambassador?*

9.—*Name of an unexpected arrival; surname of a great pianist?*

10.—*Town in the North-West of England; name of a well-known crooner?*

11.—*Kind of certainty; a form of courage; a type of victory?*

12.—*Strong wind; a storm; a disturbance?*

(ANSWERS IN PAGE SIX.)

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

A "SPOT" FOR THE SPOTTER

It's a cheerless job in any sort of weather, so the roof spotter appreciates something warm and comforting inside. Rowntree's Cocoa is not only filling and sustaining; it's now a health protection, too, because it has been fortified with the Fresh-Food Vitamins. Get a tin of Rowntree's Cocoa from your grocer tomorrow—¼-lb. 5d., ½-lb. 9½d.

To Control Petrol

COSTS US £400,000!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IS TO BE CROSS-EXAMINED, WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS AGAIN, REGARDING THE BUREAUCRACY WHICH HAS GROWN UP IN CONNECTION WITH THE PETROLEUM RATIONING SCHEME.

The Chancellor has already admitted that the Department now has a staff of more than 2,500, with a yearly salary bill of over £400,000, and that more than 2,000 of these officials are employed in the rationing scheme.

He is now to be asked for more details of the salaries being paid, and I understand that he will explain that they include:—

Under-Secretary for Petroleum, £2,200.

Principal assistant secretary, £1,700.

Two assistant secretaries, each £1,500.

Three temporary assistant secretaries, each £800, £900 *and* £1,000.

Six principals, each £600 *to* £1,100.

Chief staff officer, £700, *rising to* £860.

Six senior staff officers, £650 *to* £750.

Then there are a Chief Divisional Petroleum Officer at £850, and 15 Divisional Petroleum Officers at salaries ranging from £500 to £800.

Some of these men are ex-officers or ex-Civil Servants drawing pensions from the Government. And there are well over 2,000 clerks and typists.

SANDBAGS FOR FIRE BOMBS ARE HALF-SIZE NOW

HALF-SIZE sandbags, known as "sandmats," for dealing with incendiary bombs in the open, are advocated by the Ministry of Home Security.

Local authorities have been advised that they should be used instead of ordinary sandbags.

A sandmat is an ordinary standard sandbag cut in half and filled with 20 lb. of sand, or sifted household ash or fine dry earth, which householders can easily provide themselves. The mouth of the bag is then sewn up.

The sandmat must be placed accurately on a bomb and not thrown on to it.

Come Doggie, What About A Friendly Spar?

"Don't Hide British Shipping Losses"

"IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE GOVERNMENT INTENDS TO CEASE PUBLICATION OF OUR SHIPPING LOSSES," SAID MR. E. SHINWELL, LABOUR M.P. FOR SEAHAM, CO. DURHAM, AT BRISTOL YESTERDAY.

He said that would be a profound mistake, and added, "What happens if some week we lose no ships? Do we not tell the nation of our success and the failure of the enemy?"

There were occasions when it was prudent to conceal the truth, but persistent concealment might induce indifference and complacency. We must avoid that at all costs.

"It is a mistake to think that we are winning the Battle of the Atlantic. We cannot win that battle until every enemy submarine, suface raider and aircraft is exterminated, until we have demonstrated our complete mastery in the Atlantic and until our ships sail unmolested from shore to shore.

"We must realise that Hitler has at his disposal the vast shipbuilding resources of the Continent, with a capacity which more than eqpals our own."

Absenteeism Debate Will Acquit Workers

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THE TWO-DAY DEBATE ON WAR PRODUCTION, PARLIAMENT'S MAIN BUSINESS WHEN IT MEETS AGAIN, WILL HAVE ONE UNDESIRABLE FEATURE—A SLANGING MATCH OVER WHAT SOME M.P.s WILL DESCRIBE AS "EXCESSIVE ABSENTEEISM" BY WAR WORKERS AND ALLEGATIONS OF SLACKNESS IN THE FACTORIES.

Although nobody will deny that slackers can be found, there is no general support in the House for those M.P.s who want to suggest that millions of workers are "swinging the lead" and drawing big wages for doing it.

It will be stressed in the debate that these charges of absenteeism and slackness are mainly a smoke screen by those who want to cloak managerial inefficiency in many war factories.

When the House has decided that the truth lies midway between the two charges, there will be a demand for much more stringent State control of the factories.

Although the Government has power to control anything it wants—factories, materials or men—little has been done to use this power.

MORE TANKS AND GUNS

What will be promised in the debate is a rapid spurt—something like that which followed Dunkirk—in the production of tanks, guns and anti-aircraft guns. Lord Beaverbrook, as Minister of Supply, will concentrate all our industrial resources on turning out as many as possible in the next three months.

Mr. MacMillan, his Parliamentary Secretary, who will put his case for him in the House of Commons, will say there are two opinions in the House and in industry about his chief task:

1. Everything must fit into a well-ordered long-term programme, so that momentum may gradually increase, and so that materials, men and plant in ever-increasing proportions may concurrently come into production. Thus, industry will grow rhythmically, and its output will grow bigger and bigger without any jolts.
2. Let us have some jolts. Let us forget about rhythm for the time being. The future of the war may easily depend on how many guns and tanks we have ready for our men in three months' time. If we still go on developing rhythmically, guns and tanks that may be ready in six months' time may be too late. So let us bring everything into production now; let us work night and day; let us grab raw material from wherever possible; let us see an increase in production figures at once.

This second policy is the one Lord Beaverbrook will adopt.

3d. A LB. FOR NEW POTATOES

THE retail price of new potatoes will be 3d. a lb. on Monday.

But because of weather conditions it will be some days before supplies of new potatoes are generally available.

The price decrease is a seasonal one.

The Food Minister has authorised the sale and purchase of new potatoes in the ground or "as grown." Such potatoes must be lifted, sold and delivered not later than July 25. This licence does not apply to Scotland.

VICHY MEDAL FOR "BRAVE" TALKERS!

Vichy, Saturday.

CREATION of a medal to be awarded to Frenchmen who "take an active part in the struggle against foreign influences" in French Somaliland and French "Black Africa" is announced in the official journal today. These colonies, it is stated, "still remain the object of such foreign influences."

New decoration is to be called "The Medal of Merit for French Black Africa."—Reuter.

Beer From The Battle!

HUSBAND: A bottle of beer the wife threw at me rolled down the stairs, and the occupier of the flat below claimed it as compensation for the annoyance he had suffered from our jangling.

* * *

Husband: My wife has fixed my quota of beer on what I drank in 1939 when I was a teetotaler.

* * *

Wife: I agree I went out with another man. I wondered if he could build castles in the air like my husband did when we were courting.

* * *

Husband: I can't convince my wife that there is only one thing for her to think about, and that is me.

* * *

Husband: I have never denied my wife any pleasure I have only made sure she doesn't have it at my expense.

* * *

Wife: I cannot be the cat he suggests, I never purr with contentment.

* * *

Husband: I intended to give my wife all my wages until I heard her mother was coming to stay with her and then I didn't see why I should make her stay enjoyable.

* * *

Wife at Tottenham: I am not doubting my husband's evidence. I just say I don't believe it.

WIVES PAY—FOR OFFICIAL INEFFICIENCY

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS' WIVES ARE GOING SHORT OF MONEY BECAUSE OF THE MUDDLED ACCOUNTANCY METHODS OF REGIMENTAL PAYMASTERS.

They are receiving notifications which tell them that "owing to the fact that your husband has been overpaid, your allowance will have to be cut down each week until his Pay Account is in credit again."

Many of the wives are suffering severe hardship because of these cuts.

The Secretary for War, when Parliament meets again, is being asked to scrap the whole of this unfair system, and to issue orders that:—

1.—*In no case shall the allowance of a wife or dependant be cut down or stopped so as to recover overpaid money; and*

2.—*In no case shall a soldier's own pay be cut down by more than* 10 *per cent.*

The allowance to wives is not over-generous in ordinary circumstances, and the effect of enforcing the paymaster's cuts is in many cases to reduce the women to actual poverty.

APPLYING THE SCREW

And then the action of the paymaster, in making big cuts concurrently in the soldier's own pay, prevents him from sending any money home to his wife to tide her over her difficulties.

So the screw is applied from two directions.

Many wives are having to go to the Public Assistance Committees.

The explanation of the Regimental Paymasters is that the soldiers in question have, at some earlier period, got into debt on their pay accounts by drawing more than was due to them.

But that, if it occurs, is not the fault of the soldier. It is the fault of the regimental paymasters and the muddled state of their accountancy.

Even if a soldier had been paid more than was due to him, that should not constitute an excuse for slashing cuts at his expense, or still less for cuts at the expense of his wife.

SHAREPUSHERS' FOE

Chief Constable Alexander Bell, head of the C.I.D., who died in London yesterday aged fifty-three, was noted for his work against sharepushers.

Progress On The Allotment

By RICHARD SUDELL

IN MANY DISTRICTS EARLY POTATOES ARE READY FOR LIFTING. AFTER DOING SO, DON'T LEAVE THE TOPS LYING ABOUT THE SURFACE.

If you have no time just now to dig the plot, make a hole and bury the tops where they will quickly decay.

Plant Brussels sprouts and winter greens after early potatoes or peas.

These need plenty of room, 3 feet apart is not too much for the larger-growing varieties. Tread the roots firmly and soak with water if the soil is dry.

Keep a watch for green caterpillars and spray if seen. It is easy now to clear the entire plot of weeds. This is best done by running the hoe between the rows on a sunny day.

Weeds in the row should be pulled out by hand. Thinning out crops like carrots and beetroot is best done on a showery day. Make the soil firm round disturbed seedlings.

If it is possible to water give peas now swelling their pods a thorough soak. It is better to leave watering alone unless you can give plenty.

LOVE BEATS DEFENCE LAW

"I WAS going to meet my girl. Now I have got her to come back to London."

This excuse was sent by letter to the Brighton magistrates yesterday by Charles William Hart, of Woodbury-st., Tooting, who was fined £1 for entering the town contrary to the Defence Regulations.

Five other London people were also fined £1 each for the same offence.

Bombed-Out Tenants

RENT DEMAND RACKET

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THOUSANDS OF TENANTS, BOMBED OUT OF THEIR HOMES, ARE PREPARING TO RETURN. REPAIRS TO THE HOUSES HAVE NOW MADE THEM INHABITABLE AGAIN.

But the tenants have been notified by the landlords that:—

They will not be allowed to return unless they pay the full rent for the whole period—sometimes four months—during which the houses have been uninhabitable.

Mr. David Kirkwood, who sits for one of the Clydeside constituencies, is raising the matter when the House of Commons next sits.

He says the injustice constitutes a serious loophole in the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Bill, which is now passing through Parliament.

In his own constituency, he says, there are 400 such cases.

Other M.P.s have made complaints of the same kind, alleging that similar extortionate demands are being made on their constituents.

SAVINGS DRIVE SUCCESS

FIRST REPORTS OF THE SUMMER SAVINGS DRIVE ARE OFFICIALLY STATED TO BE ENCOURAGING.

The idea of raising enough money to pay for a particular war weapon has caught the imagination of savings workers up and down the country.

The savings group of an engineering firm at Croydon have chosen a training plane (£2,000) for their target, while a group in a large firm of Government contractors in North Kent have decided to raise the cost of war weapons produced by the firm.

Last week the savings campaign raised £8,942,429, of which £3,414,109 was from the sale of Savings Certificates, £2,784,320 from the sale of Defence Bonds and £2,744,000 from an increase in the balance due to depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank and Trustee Savings Banks.

"REDS SURPRISE NAZIS"

Madrid, Saturday.

REFERRING to the fighting on the Eastern front, Berlin's correspondent of the Spanish news agency Efe says today:

"The general impression of the German public is that the army of the Reich faces the strongest and most powerful enemy of all. It can be said that in many ways the Soviet army has been a surprise, if not for the German rulers who had known well its valour and composition, but for at least some quarters, German and foreign, who expected to find an enemy, we will not say less strong, but less fierce and less fanatical in defence."

"STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN TUNNEL"

WIFE of a soldier missing since Dunkirk, Mrs. Maisie Evans, aged twenty-six, of Harlesden, Middlesex, yesterday described at Port Talbot (Glam.) her train struggle with a man in a mile-long tunnel.

John Brynmor Williams, aged twenty-three, of Cymmer, was committed for trial on a charge of attempting to strangle her.

He pleaded not guilty. Bail was refused.

BIT HIS HAND

Mrs. Evans said that as the train left Caerau, Williams jumped into the compartment and began to molest her. When they entered the tunnel he tried to commit an offence.

"I struggled for my life," she went on. "I bit his hand and kicked his legs. He opened the carriage door and tried to drag me out, but I managed to pull the communication cord.

"Williams struck me in the eye. Entwining his fingers around my throat, he attempted to strangle me.

"I managed to keep him off, and when the train left the tunnel he jumped out of the open window."

"JAPS CLASH WITH RUSSIANS"

THERE was no confirmation in London yesterday of a report that there had been Skirmishing between the Russians and the Japanese on the Mongolian - Manchurian frontier.

The Japanese Government's decisions in regard to the Russo-German war have been officially notified to the German Government, according to the Berlin correspondent of the "Basler Nachrichten," says Reuter.

A statement to this effect was issued from the Wilhelmstrasse. No details were given.

Girl Killed By Rooftop 'Skylarking'

ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULBS, SAID TO HAVE BEEN THROWN IN FUN FROM ONE ROOFTOP TO ANOTHER, WHERE EMPLOYEES WERE TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS, CAUSED A GIRL TO TRIP OVER A PARAPET AND FALL 40 FT. TO HER DEATH.

This was stated at a Westminster inquest yesterday on Ethel Mary Tibbles, a twenty-five-year-old machinist, of Bucknill House, Ebury Bridge-rd., S.W.

Tibbles and other employees were in a circle discussing photographs on the roof of the building, which was in Hertford-st., W., when electric light bulbs were thrown from an adjoining roof.

Albert Edward Jones, aged seventeen, butcher's assistant, said that he and a fellow-employee named Wilson had two old electric light bulbs. Wilson threw one over, and as it did not go off he thought it was all right. He threw his and heard no noise.

The Coroner (Mr. W. Bentley Purchase) said other proceedings might be contemplated. The boys might have been skylarking, but what happened resulted in the death of the girl. It looked possible that a charge might be made.

The Coroner adjourned the inquest until July 12 and warned Jones to attend.

EDEN'S "PEACE" WARNING

A DOUBLE pledge was given to Russia yesterday by Mr. Eden, Foreign Secretary — full military and economic collaboration and that Britain would not listen to any peace offer by Hitler.

Mr. Eden, who was speaking at Leeds, said: "Let me give a warning. We anticipate that Hitler, at a moment he considers opportune during his campaign in Russia, will seek to present himself as a man of peace.

"Internal conditions in Germany may make this false posturing necessary for him. for a spell. He will offer smooth assurances and specious promises in the hope of liming some foolish birds.

"It might therefore be useful that I should now declare the position of His Majesty's Government in respect of any peace offer by Hitler.

"*The head of the German State stands condemned by his own deeds as a man of perjured faith. We are not in any circumstances prepared to negotiate with him at any time on any subject. We shall intensify our war effort until he and all he stands for are utterly destroyed.*

"There is no room on the earth's surface for Hitler's way of life and ours."

In a reference to Hess, Mr. Eden said, "We shall no doubt see stranger happenings yet. We are through with the men who now rule Germany."

The Russians were clearly fighting back with magnificent courage. "We shall do our utmost to help them or to help anyone else who fights Hitler," he declared.

"In the joint effort there will be on our part neither reservations nor second thoughts."

Mr. Eden said that in the next few months the war would be intensified.

Month by month the weight of explosives dropped on Germany would be increased. An even heavier blow would be struck at Germany's industrial life.

Our air power would be expanded until it dominated that of Germany over every battlefield.

£1,000 To Be Won Every Week

AS Crossword Competition No. 238 did not close until yesterday, the result and winning coupon will not be published until next Sunday.

Turn to Page Seven for the first of a new series of one-week offers. £1,000 must be won every week.

WE TEACH RUSSIA A.R.P.

Col. G. Symones and Col. A. Croad have been seconded by the Ministry of Home Security to advise Russia in A.R.P. and civil defence methods.

Both officers recently arrived in Russia.

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU!

"The People" today has pleasure in offering congratulations to the following readers on the occasion of their wedding anniversaries:—

DIAMOND.—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Welsh, Greenford-ave., Southall People — GREEN L.E. — 3

GOLDEN.—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hatfield, Queen's-rd., Walthamstow; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, St. Saviour's-rd., Saltley, Birmingham.

RUBY.—Mr and Mrs. H. W. Briden, Navarino Mansions, Dalston-la.

SILVER.—Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hooper Model Buildings Pakenham-st., London.

ALSO.—Mr. and Mrs. G. D. McFaden, Reading (32 years wed); Mr. and Mrs. W. Adiam, Barrow-rd., Barton Hill Bristol (30 years); Mr. and Mrs. J. Silvers, Carlyle-rd., Black Heath, near Birmingham (47 years); Mr. and Mrs. P. Cooper, Vicarage-rd., Watford (45 years); Mr. and Mrs W. Fisher, Bengeo, Hertford (40 years); Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Stifford Clays, Grays, Essex (35 years).

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

19's can register for the RAF

19's — when you register on July 12 *it's up to you* to say if you prefer to serve in the R.A.F. You can express your preference for flying duties as pilot or air observer, so that when the time comes you can take your place with the gallant air crews who are daily hammering the Hun.

If you feel you are better fitted for ground duties, the R.A.F. will consider you for training in one of many interesting and responsible ground jobs, such as Radio/Wireless Mechanic, Electrician, Flight Mechanic or Armourer.

To make things easy fill in the coupon below and hand it to the Clerk at the Employment Exchange when you register.

REMEMBER—THE R.A.F. WANTS YOU AND THOUSANDS OF OTHERS.

I wish to be considered for service with the R.A.F.

FLYING DUTIES (Put a cross against the Duties for which you wish to volunteer.)

GROUND DUTIES

NAME

J/6/7

3/- DOWN SECURES IMMEDIATELY No charge for credit

Limited Stock EXTRA LARGE BRUSSELETTE CARPETS 22/6 Plus 1/6 Carriage and Packing

Don't miss this Opportunity

★ Worth every penny of 30/-
★ Extra Heavy and Hardwearing.
★ Special Damp Resisting Back.
★ Extra Large Size: 9 ft. x 6 ft.

Compare the price with what you'd have to pay elsewhere. Wards save you at least 10/- on this beautiful Brusselette Carpet. Its wear-defying springy looped Pile is woven to an extra strong damp resisting foundation. Particularly handsome modern design with most effective deep border. Colours Fawn Blue: Fawn Red. NO COUPONS REQUIRED.

PIN 3/- P.O. to COUPON

To—MARSHALL WARD, LTD. (Dept. P.), Wembley, Middlesex.

I enclose P.O. for 3/- for Brusselette Carpet No. 105 to be sent to me on approval and for which I will pay 3/- each month until your price of 22/6 plus 1/6 carriage and packing is paid

State Colour required ....

NAME

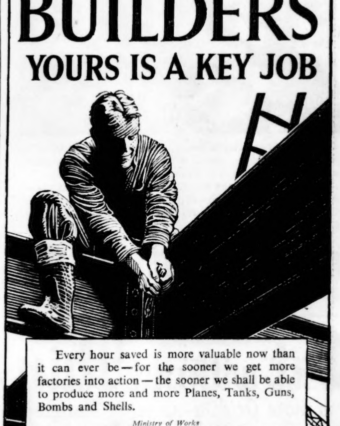
ADDRESS TOWN

OCCUPATION AGE

State if husband is in H.M. Forces ..... State if husband is over Military Age ....

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

BUILDERS
YOURS IS A KEY JOB



Every hour saved is more valuable now than it can ever be—for the sooner we get more factories into action—the sooner we shall be able to produce more and more Planes, Tanks, Guns, Bombs and Shells.

Ministry of Works

How can You Get That Attractive Slim Figure

IF you were slim just think how much easier it would be to dress well and how much more attractive you'd look. Don't envy others but get that fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Purely vegetable; Bile Beans can be used regularly with perfect safety. They promote internal health, disperse fat-forming wastes and enable you to keep slender and youthful all the time.

Just remember, if you have a good figure it's not necessary to spend a lot of money on clothes to look attractive. So start healthy slimming tonight with the aid of Bile Beans at bedtime.

1/1d., 1/3 & 3/3 (incl. Tax). Also pennyworths.

BILE BEANS

"Since taking Bile Beans nightly they have removed all my surplus fat. I'm 20 pounds lighter than I was and wonderfully better in health." Mrs. O. S. Hull.

JOINT PAINS

De Witts Pills are specially prepared to correct kidney disorders. That is why they have proved such an effective treatment for Joint Pains, Rheumatism and Backache.

De Witts Pills not only clear away clogging impurities and poisons—they actually tone up and strengthen the kidneys. You get evidence of the direct action of De Witts Pills within 24 hours of taking the first dose. This gives positive proof that a wonderful internal antiseptic is getting to work at the very root of your trouble—in the kidneys themselves. Once your kidneys are restored to healthy activity, those joint pains, rheumatic twinges and sharp, pressing backaches vanish completely. And because the cause of your trouble has been removed you can expect *more* than temporary relief.

De Witts Pills

Specially for Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica and Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists. 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (inc. Purchase Tax).

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

SITUATIONS

NOW is your chance to get into Skilled A.R.P. Position, Perfectly safe job. Free Memo from Wood Milne Correspondence Dept. 98, 115, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

H.M. GOVERNMENT. Rapid promotion. £5 to £20 WITHOUT SECURITY. £20 TO £5,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. C. Lear, Ltd., Kingsway Chambers, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.2.

LOANS £2 to £5,000.—P. S. Richards, Ltd., 1, Branstonne Avenue, Leicester. Tel. 1923.

£20 TO £2,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. R. J. HARMON, LTD., 6, Stuart House, Falkland-rd., London, N.W.5.

MEDICAL

WE have an entirely new formula that has Definitely moved Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness. Not a douche! Not an inhalant! Not a Medicine! We can prove that we have cured head noises of twenty years standing. Jarrett and Co. (B. R. Jarrett, M.P.S.) Manufacturing Chemists, 8, West-st., Old Market, Bristol.

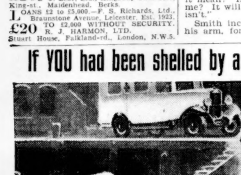
FINANCIAL

ADVANCES £25 to £5,000 without security. B. S. Lyon, Ltd., 8, St. John's-hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W.11. ESTABLISHED 1922. H.P. ASSOCIATION, Ltd., Bedford-st., London, W.C. £25 TO £2,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. £20 TO £5,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. C. Lear, Ltd., Kingsway Chambers, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.2.

LOANS £2 to £5,000.—P. S. Richards, Ltd., 1, Branstonne Avenue, Leicester. Tel. 1923.

£20 TO £2,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. R. J. HARMON, LTD., 6, Stuart House, Falkland-rd., London, N.W.5.

IF YOU had been shelled by a sea-raider



You would probably be brought ashore in the safe hands of St. John men and nurses, rushed out to meet you in fast launches, while Red Cross ambulances waited at the quayside.

Special parties of the Red Cross and St. John stand by to aid those who suffer in the Battle of the Atlantic.

This is one of the many vital war services for which the Red Cross asks your help.

RED CROSS & ST. JOHN

Issued by the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940) 14, Grosvenor Cres., London, S.W.1.

Eat without Pain

no more Acidity-no more Flatulence

Perhaps your stomach is still struggling with your last meal. You're gasping with wind round the heart and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful you eat. It turns meat into leather.

You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity and sourness at once. No matter what you eat, it remains sweet and digestible.

Your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, not a trace of flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture then one or two 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 7d. and 1/1½d. Also family sizes, 2/3 and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax) everywhere.

SLIP A 7d. BOX IN YOUR POCKET or BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Symphony in Blue

By MAIRI O'NAIR

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR SMITH, investigating the mysterious murder of Genivie Prestalling-ton, has summoned Dr. Broote to Mrs. Froiden, who has died from an overdose of sleeping draught. "I shouldn't tell you what she said before she died," the doctor told Smith, "but I will. She said: 'I did kill her'"; then she added: I didn't mean to do it."

Smith went thoughtfully back into the flat. If the doctor had heard those words it put the lid on. That was why she had killed herself. Couldn't stand it. Genivie must have had vital evidence of those days, and had put it into the carved box.

Had Mrs. Froiden still got the box in her flat

It would be easy enough to do. To meet Genivie, as she always did, in the lift. To stick the hypodermic into her arm and then strangle her to get it over quickly. Take her bag, get the key of the flat, and get the box, over which in her haste she had spilled the red ink. Then do the incredibly foolish thing of descending to the hall with the lift in the air, and come up again by the stairs, hands covered with red ink, and holding the box.

Det.-Inspector Smith made a minute search of the flat and all its contents.

Drawn by Pisani

He shook his head. It didn't hang together. It was so utterly futile and senseless.

Yet why kill herself?

Inside the flat Mr. Froiden waited for him. He was walking backwards and forwards up and down the room. He swung round to Smith as he came in.

"I want your advice," he said. "Do you know what she said just before she died?" She said, 'I didn't kill her.' And then she said, 'I didn't mean to do it.' She meant she didn't mean to take the overdose. I know that well enough. But what did the other mean?"

Smith put his hand on the other man's arm.

LOYALTY

"You're sure you never heard her right?"

"I'm certain," the other man said. "My ears are as sharp as a fox's. She said 'I didn't kill her.' What did she mean? What in Heaven's name did she mean? She fainted when we came to tell us that girl was dead. She has not been able to speak since. What does it mean? Is there anybody to tell me? It will drive me mad if there isn't."

Smith increased the pressure on his arm, forced him into a chair.

He thought the kindest thing he could do was to tell him every-thing.

Mr. Froiden took the blow well, but he refused to believe anything about his wife.

"I met her abroad," he told Smith. "She was a widow. She was quite frank about her past life before she seemed to be. But she told me nothing of this. If she had, it would have made no difference." His eyes looked worn and strained. "I loved her, and I would have stood by her If only she had told me."

Pity she didn't," Smith said.

Mr. Froiden also failed to believe anything in connection with the murder of Genivie Prestalling-ton.

"Didn't I tell you I heard her say she didn't kill her? I would swear to that with my last breath. Not that I loved the girl and would want to spare her, but because I heard it. She was not the sort to kill anybody, whatever they had done to her. She had a horror of cruelty. She could not have had a hypo-dermic syringe in the flat without my knowing it. We never had one. And where was she to get poisons? And where was she to get impossibility. And drugs? It is an impossibility. And she said she did not mean to do it. I know that. She would never have taken her own life. It was an acci-dent. She has been ill and in low spirits for more than a week. If only I'd known!"

"Nothing is an impossibility," Smith said quietly. "Improbable, if you like, but not impossible."

"Impossible for her husband re-turned firmly. "Especi-ally as the girl was strangled too." He spoke eagerly, anxious to give evidence. "Her hands were not strong enough. She always used to have to ask me to turn the caps of bottles and pots because she was not strong enough to manage them. So how could she have found the strength so strangle anybody?

"People find strength somehow when they are desperate," Smith answered. "But if she came away from Genivie's flat with a box and her hands stained with red ink, there should be some traces of it. Have you noticed that her hands queerly stained?"

INSISTENCE

"No." Mr. Froiden said at once. "Did that distress you? Is that the thing out of the common at that time?"

"The maid would know." Mr. Froiden said. "She came in at ten. You must ask her. But you are welcome to search the place, Inspector, if you suspect that any-thing has been hidden here. In fact, I should welcome such a search."

"Later," Smith said. "Not now. There is no hurry. If she did it, it will come to you. I'll go and see her now." A thought struck him. "I'll send my wife along to you. She's a good soul. She'll be able to help you quite a lot.

"I'd like her to come," the other man said firmly. "She can help you to search the flat too. I want to make sure that you are wrong. You can look everywhere."

He was so insistent that Smith humoured him. He searched the place thoroughly, but nothing sus-picious came to light. Nor were there any traces of Eva Blocker's former life. As far as he could see, she had left no letter to her hus-band justifying her actions. That seemed to have come as a shock to Mr. Froiden and the doctor had heard her say that she did not mean to do it.

He went to tell his wife what he wanted her to do, and give her some idea of what had happened.

Mrs. Smith was more than ready; her sympathies, always very near the surface, were deeply stirred.

"The poor things. Yes, I'll go at once. There'll be the last things to do for her, poor thing. I'll tell you what, father: I'll get Mrs. Orty to help me. Then I'll stay and get a bit of food for the husband, poor soul. The girl won't be able to do much for him, unfortunately. I can stand this sort of thing. Well—I'm that sorry."

AFFECTION

Smith put his arm round her and gave her a hug.

"If anybody'll be able to help him it'll be you, mother," he said. "If things had gone wrong with me you'd be sorry, I'd like to see you coming in at the door."

Mrs. Smith smoothed a bit to herself as she hurriedly put aside her work and got ready. Funny, when she had such a desire to know her neighbours and have a peep inside their places that it should be this way she went inside the first one. Well, well, you'd think that Mrs. Froiden should have been that sort, poor thing.

Mrs. Orty was delighted to see her. Mrs. Smith explained that Mr. Ramsound in No. 22. "It was signed 'R.'"

"Better let him go in," Smith said to Orty as he left. "I'll see you when I'm entirely in order."

Orty very reluctantly stepped back. Mrs. Smith was making their way towards the lift when a com-motion at the door caused Smith to look round. A large van had driven up to the door. It had Ram-sound's name upon it in big letters. Smith had often seen their vans, and it looked genuine enough.

Two men came into the hall with bundles of sacking and news-papers and waited for the lift to come down.

Smith was still protesting to Orty.

"Never heard a word of it. I haven't. Very odd indeed. Major have his place all done out and there go off like his cheek. No reason. And now they'll go and make their girl all over my clean lift and stairs what I've just done. I've never heard a word about it. There's something wrong. You'll have to take the responsibility, Orty. I shouldn't have let them go up."

"When did you last see Major Kimgrove?" Smith asked.

Yesterday morning," Orty said grumpily. "Came for the letters just after I'd sorted them. Per-fectly ridikilus he never said a word to me about going."

"Ring up Mr. Batters," Smith suggested. "See if he heard any-thing about it. If he hasn't ring up Ramsound's name upon it in big letters. Smith had often seen their vans, and it looked genuine enough.

Two men came into the hall with bundles of sacking and news-papers and waited for the lift to come down.

Smith was still protesting to Orty.

"Never heard a word of it. I haven't. Very odd indeed. Major have his place all done out and there go off like his cheek. No reason. And now they'll go and make their girl all over my clean lift and stairs what I've just done. I've never heard a word about it. There's something wrong. You'll have to take the responsibility, Orty. I shouldn't have let them go up."

"When did you last see Major Kimgrove?" Smith asked.

"

HERE THERE AND ANY OLD WHERE

By Locum Tenens

THERE seems to be a good deal of confusion about this "but a tank and-have-it named-after-you" scheme. Some people seem to think that if they do the tank becomes their property after the war. Only the other day, Mavis Tootlinghome, one of the daughters of Mayfair's "bright young things," called at the War Office and ordered a light tank.

It must be finished in pastel to match my new suit," she said, "and do you think you could synchromesh gear-box, as I'm rather a bad driver."

They had only just revived the plodder with a stiff brandy-and-soda (down to general expenses) when an old lady was wheeled in in a bath chair.

"I sent you a cheque last Wednesday for a tank to be named 'Itchy-Bitsy, my Pekes," she explained, "but I want my money back. The poor dear hates the sight of things. She went right off her food for two days after I passed the house."

—○—○—

CARRY your gas mask, by all means, but don't, like that misguided man in Stoke Poges, practise wearing it in bed. He gave his wife such a shock when she woke up that she is suing him for divorce.

This reminds me of a man I knew who used to sit up half the night practising conjuring tricks in bed. He would keep digging his wife in the back and say, "Choose a card" or "Hold this handkerchief."

One night while doing the old trick of changing a bowl of goldfish into a bowl of ink he spilt the whole lot down her neck. He was crawling about under the bedclothes looking for the last of the fish when she caught him an awful biff on the noggin with the alarm clock.

There's a time and place for everything, Edgar," she said coldly, "and we agree, rather pointless.

Hotcha In The Home Guard

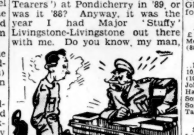
"DO you usually transport a half-expired cigarette behind your ear, my man?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"So's I know where to find it when I want it, sir."

Then what I commanded the 54th Foot ("The Raspberry Tearers") at Pondicherry in '89, or was it '88? Anyway, it was the year I had Major Stuffy Livingstone-Livingstone out there with me. Do you know, my man,



in the old 54th Foot, for having cigarette debris on your ear you would have been in the Orderly Room before you could say 'Scringapatam'?"

"Yes, sir."

I don't know what we are coming to. Tch! In my time soldiers were soldiers and ears were ears, not cigarette holders. What do you call them, my man?"

"Fag ends, sir."

—○—○—

The Gayer Wine Cart Movement

"The little white horses that pull the Campagna wine-carts with their straw hats on and their mosquito nets."

(Traveller's memories.)

Of course most Italian wine needs drastic suppression, but the value of mosquito nets on it seems to pass me by. Just as well put elastic bands round a blancmange for all it matters.

Against that, wine-carts wearing straw hats are picturesque even, if only for a moment pointless.

Cash for Berwick Dragons

By QUARTERMASTER

WELL, in spite of everything, another Berwick race has passed on. From reports I have received, fanciers in all parts say that the race was again successful, particularly in the Isle of Wight, Devon and Cornwall areas.

Owing to the mass of results sent in I am not able to give the winners of the Red Cross and "Racing Pigeon" prizes. Next season this will be done at the earliest opportunity.

In the meantime, below will be found the list of winners' names and amounts. The figures in brackets denote the velocity. Cheques for the various prizes will be sent direct in due course.

Members of the National Pigeon Service are again reminded that a large number of young pigeons are still required for the Services.

How many can you send before the end of the month? Drop a postcard to Secretary, N.P.S., 22, Clarence-st., Gloucester, and give the exact information.

NORTH LONDON FEDERATION

Selby and Cox (2) 4s. (164). Edwards (1) £1(65). Mold 14s. (1611). 10s. each: Mold (808). Paul (845). Anderson (846). Rea (888). Cornell (873).

EAST LONDON FEDERATION

Haslett Bros. (1) 10/- (1128). Fry (1 (1666). 10/- each—Lee and Son (1081). Andrews Bros. (1085). Andrews Bros. (893). Johnson (979). Spindler (975). Johnson (935). Hellett Bros. (926). Nunn (923). Sadler and Son (887). Colby Bros. (711). Fitch and Son (909). Nunn Bros. (417). Manley (442). Tabsley (455). Hogan (440).

SOUTH LONDON FEDERATION

Saunders and Saunders (1) 10/- (1106). Langley and Beazley (1) (1045). 10/- each: Crane (1043). Moore (1026). Clark (1004). Lane (1021). Mann (916). Lane (893). Brinkwater (849). Bishop (822). Middlebrook (805). Chaplin (774).

LONDON N. R. FEDERATION

SOUTH SECTION.—Harris (1) 10/- (1039). Whittaker (1) and 17/- (1033 and 1027); 10/- each—Bentley and Beckay (866). Cresswell (976). Darby Bros (968). Elliott and Son (952). Barnsley and Wiggins (948). Allison and Woolfe (905). Routledge (904). Cresswell (903). Barnsley Bros (858). Bamber (838). Wilkins (837). W. H. Osman (469). NORTH SECTION.—Turner (1) 10/- (1118). Baker (1) (1102). and 17/- (1090); 10/- each—Laundy (1088). Richson (1047). Easter (1015). Baker (1003). Cooper and Son (962). Soden (953). White (944). Laundy (922). Peck and Son (932). Brown (915). Reed and Son (908). Petch (872). Nunn Bros. (865). Burton and Son (893). Farrenden (873). Peck and Son (883). Goodwin (871). Matthews (746). Davis (680). Oyler (675).

SOUTH WEST HERTS FEDERATION

Whitehouse (1) 10/- (1166). King (1) (1117). 10/- each—Allen (1088). Bates (1086). Windle (1067). Jenner (1063). Palmer (1018). Bennett-Loughton. Baker (1001). Wilson (1009). Howard (1006). Hall (959). Windle (963). Jones (957). Jarvis (941). Jarvis (941). Ling Bros. (927). Hall (926).

THAMES VALLEY FEDERATION

Desspain (1) 10/- (1117). Ralton (1) (1053). Kemp (1) (1001). 10/- each: Turner (963). Fleming Bros. (926). Pantling Bros. (923). Harrington (913). Harrington (911). Despain (909). Jacquest (893).

SOUTH KENT AREAS

Wickham (1) (1167) and 12s. (1092). 10s. each: Hall (1). Sowden (977). Pearce (809). Pansburst (790).

SOUTH COAST FEDERATION

Metcalfe (1) 10/- (1044). Hall (1) (1058). Rhoden 10s. (846). 10s. each: Mrs. Oswald (838). (901). (1001). Hall (1).

ISLE OF WIGHT FEDERATION

Fox (1) 10/- (1111). Bennett (1) (1041). and Son 15/- (907). Fox 10/- (567). Gaylor 10/- (645).

HANTS N.R.

Cox and Son (1) (1211). Marshall £1 (1077). Nash 15s. (868). 10s. each: Miller. (798 (840). Gammon (758). Tailor (873). Davies (738).

YESTERDAY'S RACING

CRYSTAL PALACE FEDERATION

(Sexton, 11 a.m.)

SUTTON.—Flyer 3.0, Moonmob 2-1 2.13. Hillard 2.17, Beales 2.21. HACKBRIDGE.—Tracy 1244, Faure 1356, Belfrey 1366. STREATHAM S.R.—Thornhill 2.6, Bryan 2.7, Bryan 2.11, Bryan 2.12, Bryan 2.12. CARSHALTON.—Ford 1240, Langley 1334 (2), Nurse 1316 (2), Riley 1304.

Greyhound Results

CLAPTON

2.15—RED CROSS RAP (1-2, co-fav. Tp. 5). 1.—SILENT SPY (3-1). Tp. 6). 2.—62.9. 3.32—SILENT SPY (2-1 fav.

NO NOSE IN ALL THE WORLD

. . . like the one which is clear, and free from congestion. Can you breathe freely through *your* nose, or is it bunged up and half-closed with germ-laden mucus? Then get some 'Mentholatum' which simply ousts catarrh accumulation. Insert a little in the nostrils and feel how it *o-p-e-n-s* up your nose, restores your sense of taste and smell and banishes Cold and Catarrh symptoms. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm from all chemists, 7d. and 1/3 (incl. tax).

German Command Upset By Soviet Strategy

Nazis Fear Blind Alley

Supplies Also Cause Anxiety

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

THE POSSIBILITY OF RUSSIAN DEFENSIVE STRATEGY DIVERTING THE FIVE-PRONGED NAZI ATTACK INTO A SINGLE CHANNEL LEADING TO A BLIND ALLEY IS, I UNDERSTAND, ADDING TO THE ANXIETIES OF THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND.

Other factors which have particularly affected the Nazi war plan are:—

(1) The failure to create popular enthusiasm in any country, including Germany and Italy, for Hitler's "crusade" against Communism, with himself as the champion of Christendom.

(2) The marked absence of a blessing or even benevolence towards the Nazi cause against Russia in the Pope's recent broadcast, while Cardinal Hinsley's unequivocal condemnation put paid to his efforts to split Catholic opinion in English-speaking countries;

(3) The "caution" policies of Japan and Spain when Germany most needs their intervention; and

(4) The danger of these three factors combining to destroy the chances of the early establishment of Hitler's new European order which he hoped to use as a strong bargaining weapon for a negotiated peace.

Berlin cannot hide the fact that not only will Hitler have to overwhelm Russia himself, but the first fortnight of the war has indicated clearly that the immensity of the task may drain Nazi reserves more deeply than Hitler had anticipated.

STALIN'S UPPER CUT

There are certain features about the Russian battle which are disturbing some of the Nazi plans and many of the hopes.

Stalin's order to destroy wheat, oil and transport in the event of retreat is a quick upper cut to the Nazi jaw.

The knowledge that the order will be carried out, for the simple reason that Russian resistance and tactics have made it impossible for Hitler to prevent it, has increased the German difficulties a hundredfold.

Not only does he urgently want all three things, but since the considerable damage inflicted on the Rumanian oilfields and all their reserve supply depots, Hitler's petrol position has become worse.

In some quarters the Axis prospects as regards the immediate future of their supplies are now really grave and may become precarious.

Hitler's threat to Stalin to deny bread to the people of any occupied zones, as a reprisal against the destruction of wheat stocks, is read as a sign of his own fear that one of the main objects of his invasion will soon degenerate into a vain hope.

The threat deceives no one. The technique of Hun domination in Poland and elsewhere is sufficient evidence that slavery at starvation level is the only subsistence allowed the conquered and Stalin is, therefore, justified in his determination to render any occupation by Nazis of Russian territory completely barren.

Behind the Nazi bluster Hitler knows this and now cannot hide his anxiety about the consequences to the course of his whole war plan.

This is only one of his troubles if he cannot secure an early victory.

As his resources are being progressively drained by increasing demands on the Russian front—he is realising bitterly that Stalin can and will fight doggedly and effectively to the finish—the Nazi High Command are consequently being weakened elsewhere with automatically increased dangers to their flanks and rear.

GOERING'S BLUFF CALLED

Every Nazi effort is being made to prevent the peoples of the Axis nations appreciating the growth of the danger daily nearing the citadels of their countries.

Yet while Russia demands all possible Luftwaffe attentions, the reports of the RAF pilots have additionally made it clear that Hitler may before long actually be unable to conduct a major air war on both fronts with any confidence.

When the German people appreciate this and realise the hollowness of Goering's assurances of unlimited, invincible air reserves, they may also soon realise how they have been fooled by the fantastic claims of Nazi victories.

To avoid possible internal repercussions of nation-wide dismay and demoralisation—which Hitler dreads most of all—he may be forced even now to slow down his eastern attack and modify the air support so vital to his armies in order to meet the still more urgent RAF menace from the west.

AND, IF THROUGH THE RAF, THE MOMENTUM OF HIS RUSSIAN DRIVE IS EASED, THE REALISTS OF HIS HIGH COMMAND KNOW ONLY TOO WELL THAT IT MAY MARK THE BEGINNING OF THE DECLINE OF HITLER'S DOMINATION OF EUROPE.

Such a failure in Russia will also shatter the last Nazi chance to create an "arsenal" to counter the increased flow of American aid to Britain.

Duce's Empire Crashes

200,000 ARMY IS DESTROYED

Cairo, Saturday.

AFTER SIX MONTHS' GRUELLING FIGHTING IN SOME OF THE WORLD'S WILDEST COUNTRY, ITALY'S EAST AFRICAN ARMY OF 200,000 MEN HAS BEEN ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED.

Resistance virtually ended yesterday with the surrender of General Pietro Gazzera, supreme commander of the remaining Italian forces in Abyssinia.

He has yielded with all his men in the province of Galla Sidamo, south-west of Addis Ababa.

A large quantity of war material has fallen into our hands. In the Jimma area since June 21 15,000 prisoners, 12,000 of them Italians, have been captured (said a Cairo communiqué today.

Making more than twelve separate thrusts along a 2,000-mile front, British, South African, Indian and Sudanese troops pinned down the enemy and forced them, section by section, to surrender.

PATRIOTS HELP

Reports reaching official quarters pay tribute to the assistance rendered by irregular Patriot forces.

In half a year the British forces have conquered twice as much territory, held by a modern army, as the Italians acquired in 1935 from unorganised and ill-equipped forces.

The rapid conclusion of the campaign is remarkable in view of the fact that for six weeks Abyssinia has been swamped by the heavy seasonal rains.

The Italians were depending on this to bring the British advance to a standstill for the next four months.

FORCED BACK

But gradually the Italians were forced to fall back on their mountain fastnesses.

There they hoped to carry out the German instructions to hold out at any cost to prevent General Wavell from using his East African Forces to reinforce the other theatres of war.

Only one of the Italian garrisons now remains—that in the 7,000-ft. high range at Gondar. It must inevitably surrender or starve.

Another small force of Italian troops—about 600 strong—on the Red Sea coast near Assab is also unlikely to hold out long.—Reuter and B.U.P.

HONEY PRICES CONTROL

Prices of new season honey are to be controlled.

Bee keepers and distributors' organisations are being consulted, and a Ministry of Food announcement will be made soon.

Bevin Asks for 20,000 Miners

ADDRESSING 5,000 people at Manchester last night, Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, described some of the recent complaints about Absenteeism as "subtle Fifth Column work."

He said that, knowing what production was in America and, to some extent what it was on the Continent, Britain stood out pre-eminent.

Mr. Bevin made an urgent appeal to employers in war industries to lend him 20,000 miners for a short time, because of the coal position.

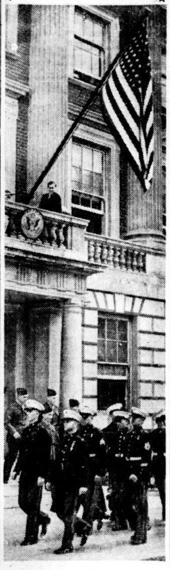
"I want coal, and I want men and employers to help me get it," he said.

We had reached the highest point of production per man in our history and, although he was still not satisfied, that was something to be pleased about.

Emphasising the necessity for a "get-together" policy in industry between employers and workmen, he said:

"If I can go into the same Cabinet as Winston Churchill, surely employers and workers' representatives can get together to talk things over and try to settle their problems."

SONS OF UNCLE SAM



Some of the U.S. Marines who have come to Britain to take up various duties at the American Embassy.

Axe Clue To Kinema Murder

A FIREMAN'S AXE, FOUND NEAR THE SAFE, IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED TO MURDER RICHARD ROBERTS, FIFTY-YEAR-OLD TEMPORARY MANAGER OF THE PLAZA KINEMA, DOVER, WHOSE DEATH IS BEING INVESTIGATED BY SCOTLAND YARD.

Roberts, who had a head wound, was found dead in a basement lumber store of the kinema on Friday just after the start of the day's performance.

There were signs of a struggle in his office, which he also used as a bedroom. Attempts had been made to wash bloodstains away with water It is thought that the assailant attacked Robe :s there, pushed the body through the window and dragged it to the lumber store 15 ft. below.

The discovery was made by an attendant who searched the building when Roberts failed to appear.

After Thursday evening's performance Roberts went to a public-house opposite the kinema, and is believed to have been attacked soon after he returned.

Scotland Yard was called in within a few hours, and on Friday night Chief Inspector Rawlings and Det.-Sergt. Marshall took charge of the inquiries. Scotland Yard finger-print and photographic experts went to Dover yesterday.

STRANGE FEATURE

A strange feature is that only £30 of £45 which was in a bag in Roberts' office is missing.

An elderly night watchman, who was in the building all Thursday night heard no disturbance and saw nothing unusual.

It is not certain whether the murderer broke in after the show or attended the last performance and hid in the building when the audience left.

Roberts took over the management of the Plaza kinema four months ago. His home was at Gillingham, Kent, and he has a 17-years-old son.

The axe had been in his office with a stirrup pump and other fire-fighting equipment.

Our Turn To Hit Hitler!

By Our Diplomatic Correspondent

SOME doubt has been expressed as to whether we are making the most of our present opportunity to strike Germany from the west.

RAF strategy is being quickly adjusted and accelerated to meet changing conditions.

While I may not discuss certain possibilities now being considered by the Allies as to the best methods of following up the RAF "blitz," I can assure you that the pros and cons of every possible method of helping both Russia and our own cause is being most energetically examined.

There is now the closest liaison between Moscow and London and London and Washington.

While to underestimate the striking power still available to Hitler would lead to mistakes similar to the tragedy of Norway, our leaders also realise that the time for bold action and imagination, applied intelligently, may be closer than we think.

PEACE MOVE STARTED

—By Rome

THE advantages to Britain of a negotiated peace were strongly urged in a Rome broadcast to America last night.

The speaker emphatically denied that Germany's aim was to subjugate Britain.

"Hitler, who does not want to repeat the mistakes of Versailles towards any nation," he said, "would leave England free."

"The conditions of peace," he continued, "would entail the loss of some colonies and the independence of others in order to allow equal economic access to other Powers.

"Gibraltar, Suez and other points on international trade routes would be placed under the supervision of an international commission."

At the same time, it was clear that the British people would have to "pay for the follies of their Government."

Officially Permitted

LOWER COUPONS

for certain Summer Goods

sold between 6th JULY and 16th AUGUST

For six weeks your retailer is allowed to sell certain knitting wool, summer clothes and shoes, *at reduced coupon rates*. This is to help traders to dispose of stocks which may be unsaleable at their full coupon rates.

Retailers are *allowed*, but not *compelled*, to offer any of these articles at the lower rates. They may not return coupons where goods have already been bought at full rates.

Though the Official List of July 1st remains in force retailers may, if they wish, use the reduced rates given below, but no intermediate ratings.

FOR 0 COUPONS...Hand-knitting yarn dyed khaki; oiled hand-knitting yarn.
...Rubber bathing shoes.

FOR 1 COUPON ...Pair of men's or boys' white or cream socks.

FOR 2 COUPONS...Bathing costume, other than regulation type; men's or boys' bathing trunks.
...†Pair of men's or boys' holiday shoes or sandals (other than plimsolls or tennis or cricket shoes) with leather or imitation leather uppers in white or mainly white; sandals with textile uppers.
...†Pair of women's or girls' holiday shoes or sandals (other than plimsolls or tennis shoes) with either linen, canvas, crash or sisal uppers.
...*Child's unlined mackintosh or mackintosh cape, not over 42 inches long, at a price not exceeding seven shillings.

FOR 3 COUPONS...†Unlined mackintosh or mackintosh cape, over 42 inches long, at a price not exceeding ten shillings.
...†Woven cotton blouse.
...*Small boys' white or cream trousers, not over 30 inches waist.
...White or cream shorts.

FOR 4 COUPONS...†Women's or girls' non-woollen slacks, other than corduroy.
...†Men's short-sleeved shirt, collar attached, if of knitted material or of terry towelling.

FOR 5 COUPONS...†Men's or boys' white or cream trousers, over 30 inches waist.
...†Women's unlined summer coat or jacket of wool georgette, or cotton, or silk, or rayon or linen.
...†Frock of cotton, silk, rayon or linen (other than evening frock) in white or light plain colour, or in a combination of two or more printed or woven colours.
...Beach gown of terry towelling.

FOR 8 COUPONS...Beach playsuit of three or more pieces of identical non-woollen material sold together, no one piece to be a frock.

†i.e., in sizes on which Purchase Tax is chargeable.
*i.e., sizes exempt from Purchase Tax.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

RAF BLITZ SEA RAIDERS

SWITCHING their main attack to the Nazi naval bases on the French coast, a strong RAF bomber force on Friday night flung a hail of explosives at the three heavy German warships hiding in Brest and bombed a nest of U-boats at Lorient.

It was a brilliant night, says the Air Ministry News Service, and the crews recognised at once the berths of the battle-cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau (35,000 tons), which have been undergoing successive repairs in Brest since March 31, and of the cruiser Prinz Eugen (10,000 tons), which fled there during the hunt for Bismarck.

Our crews laid their high explosives in sticks across the docks in many lines of half a dozen each, like marks neatly ruled on a map. As one pilot said, "The docks looked like an electrically lighted chart."

It was a heavy attack, concentrated not only on the actual berths of the warships but on the naval base as a whole. Fires were started among the dockside buildings.

At Lorient the submarines stood out in sharp relief. Bombs fell right among them.

A stick of high explosives fell across the important smithy, there was a direct hit on the eastern end of the railway bridge, and many other buildings were hit.

The positions of all the many fires could be plotted while our aircraft were over the target.

On the way back from Lorient, an Me.109 was shot down by one of our heavy bombers. An Me.110 was also shot down into the sea off Brest.

Light forces of the RAF attacked docks at Cherbourg and industrial targets in the Rhineland.

Offensive patrols were carried out over Northern France and bombs were dropped on railway yards at Abbeville.

Four of our bombers are missing from these operations.

Aircraft of Coastal Command were also busy during the night attacking enemy shipping and harbours in south-west Norway.

At Christiansand a factory was hit with a salvo of bombs, and fires were started near the west harbour

At Haugesund bombs fell among the quays and shipping alongside. The roof of one large warehouse was blown off and set on fire.

One Coastal Command aircraft is missing.

BLACK-OUT

	Begins	Ends
London	11.04 p.m.	5.06 a.m.
Manchester	11.24 p.m.	5.04 a.m.
Glasgow	12.02 a.m.	4.41 a.m.
Newcastle	11.46 p.m.	4.36 a.m.
Plymouth	11.14 p.m.	5.26 a.m.
Holyhead	11.34 p.m.	5.14 a.m.
Hull	11.15 p.m.	4.54 a.m.
Edinburgh	12 mid'nt	4.39 a.m.
Leeds	11.20 p.m.	4.59 a.m.
Llandudno	11.20 p.m.	5.08 a.m.

Supplied by the Automobile Association

CHEESE—TO GET MILK

TO get a tin of milk at the grocer's shop of Leonard Reeve, in Lordship-lane, Wood Green, people had to buy a half-crown parcel containing cheese and eggs.

That cost him a £10 fine at Tottenham yesterday.

He was charged with imposing a condition on the sale of tinned milk.

It Cheers Them Up!

NAZIS BOAST OF "BIG RAID"

TRYING TO CHEER UP THE POPULATIONS OF GERMANY'S MUCH-BLITZED TOWNS, THE BERLIN RADIO ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY THAT MAJOR FORCES OF GERMAN BOMBERS HAD ATTACKED INDUSTRIAL PREMISES IN THE MIDLANDS, AND SOME OTHER OBJECTIVES IN GREAT BRITAIN, "WITH GOOD EFFECT" DURING FRIDAY NIGHT.

The truth, however, was that, contrasted with the numbers of RAF planes which have attacked Germany recently, comparatively few Nazi bombers were over this country.

Three of them were shot down.

No extensive damage was done, and only a small number of people were killed.

In the first raid over the West Midlands for a month damage was slight, although the raid was of a fairly widespread nature.

The only fatal casualties were reported from a town where three people were killed when a high explosive demolished a house.

THOUSANDS OF BOMBS

A raid on a South-West town lasted some hours and was of a widespread nature.

H.E.s and several thousand incendiary bombs fell, principally on houses in the suburbs. Ten people were killed.

Yesterday's German communiqué claimed that during the night strong forces of the Nazi air force bombed the armament centre of Birmingham, the naval port of Plymouth and other harbours on the south-east coast of England.

BOMBS ON AIRFIELDS, SHIPPING

BOMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL AIR FORCES HEAVILY ATTACKED VICHY AERODROMES, SHIPPING AND OTHER MILITARY TARGETS IN SYRIA ON FRIDAY.

Several bombs were dropped on ships in Tripoli Harbour (Syria), says yesterday's RAF Middle East communiqué.

At Baalbek aerodrome buildings were machine-gunned and several large twin-engined bombers on the ground were severely damaged.

At Hama, Vichy aircraft were set on fire.

During the night our bombers raided Vichy ships at Beirut and started fires.

BENGHAZI SHIP HIT

Heavy bombers attacked the harbour at Benghazi during Friday night. A 3,000-ton ship alongside the outer mole is thought to have been hit.

Our planes machine-gunned A.A. gun positions in the harbour area, and also a camp near the town, where tents were set on fire.

A single unidentified enemy aircraft and a large formation of escorting fighters which approached Malta were driven off by our fighters. One Italian fighter was shot down into the sea, and several others severely damaged.

Three of our aircraft are missing from all these operations.

RADIO

Home Service

7.0 a.m.—Time; News. 7.15—Octet. 8.0—Records. 8.30—Organ.
9.0—Time; News. 9.15—Piano. 9.30—Service. 10.15—John McKenna (tenor). 10.30—Records. 11.0—Westminster Players. 11.30—Service in Welsh.
12.0 noon—"Salute to Britain." 12.30 p.m.—Organ. 12.45—Everyman's Music.
1.0—Time; News. 1.15—B.B.C. Band. 1.45—Diaghileff. 2.15—In Your Garden. 2.30—Concert. 3.30—"Berkeley Square." 4.45—"Questions and Answers." 5.0—News in Welsh. 5.15—Children's Hour.
6.0—Time; News. 6.30—Food Forum. 6.50—Orchestra. 7.30—Norwegian News. 7.45—"Looking Ahead." 8.0—Service. 8.40—Good Cause. 8.45—National Anthems.
9.0—Time; News. 9.30—Pouishnoff. 10.0—Organ. 10.30—Epilogue.
10.38—"Never Tell Parents the Truth" (play). 11.10—Orchestra. 12.0 midnight—Time; News.

For The Forces

6.30 a.m.—Records. 7.0—Time; News. 7.15—Records. 7.30—Records. 8.0—"The Murgatroyds." 8.30—Orchestra.
9.0—Time; News. 9.15—Records. 9.30—Tommy Handley. 10.0—Three Troubadours. 10.20—News from India. 10.30—For Indian Forces. 11.0—Service 11.15—Orchestra.
12.0 noon—Berkeley Sextet. 12.30 p.m.—Records. 1.0—Time; News. 1.15—"Mother Riley." 2.0—Sextet. 2.30—"Dreamy Hawaii." 2.50—Dorothy L. Sayers
3.0—Sextet. 3.30—Variety. 4.0—Concert. 4.45—"Small Change."
5.0—Orchestra. 5.30—"Any Questions?"
6.0—Time; News. 6.30—"Sunday Nighters." 7.10—News-letter. 7.30—Sunday Half-hour. 8.0—"Happidrome."
9.0—Time; News. 9.30—"Piccadixie." 10.0—Epilogue. 10.8—Orchestra. 10.40—Records.

STOP PRESS

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1941

ANOTHER BATCH FOR INDIA

Bombay, Saturday.

About 1,800 Italian prisoners of war, including 200 officers and a General, have arrived here.

This is the second contingent in two days The arrival of a group numbering 1,345 was announced yesterday.—Reuter.

NAZI OFFICIAL HANGS HIMSELF

Julius Otto, fifty-four, secretary, German Consulate, New York, found hanged at Mount Vernon, New York, yesterday. Police believe suicide.

Published by CHARLES ANTIL GRAY for the Proprietors and printed by ODHAMS PRESS LTD., London: Long Acre, W.C.2, England; and Manchester: Chester-st., Oxford-rd., England. July 6, 1941.

Ask your Chemist for **Elasto** REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

For Blood, Veins, Arteries & Heart

HOSPITAL TESTS
Reveal New Treatment for
ACID STOMACH

When you suffer from indigestion you want quick and *lasting* relief. It is dangerous as well as disappointing to take remedies that only relieve stomach pains temporarily.

This is the advice of doctors in a world-famous hospital who have just completed amazing tests on patients suffering with digestive troubles.

Hospital tests showed that Digestif RENNIES reproduce Nature's own gentle anti-acid action. These pleasant-tasting tablets are sucked like sweets, one at a time.

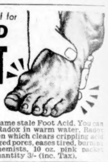
Relief in 80 Seconds

RENNIES' soothing anti-acid ingredients and digestive ferments act in the stomach just when required to keep acidity down. RENNIES stop the worst pain in 80 seconds, but they do not stop digestion — they assist it.

Get RENNIES from your chemist. 25 for 7d. (tax inc.), four times the quantity 2/- (tax inc.). Each RENNIES (brand) tablet is separately wrapped. Keep a few in your pocket or handbag — take two after meals. Used and recommended by 1,198 doctors.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 25 FOR 7d TAX INC.

Quickest Relief for **TIRED FEET**



Don't blame the war for corns and swollen, aching feet. Blame stale Foot Acid. You can shift it with Radox in warm water. Radox releases oxygen which clears crippling acid out of the clogged pores, eases tired, burning feet. From chemists, 10 oz. pink packet 1/10½ double quantity 3/- (inc. Tax).

RADOX IN THE PINK PACKET

WILL YOU HELP ATLANTIC VICTIMS?

Merchant seamen whose ships have been sunk while bringing vital supplies to Britain look to the Red Cross and St. John. So do our fighting men and the prisoners of war. And the Red Cross looks to you.

JOIN THE **RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND** in support of The Duke of Gloucester's Appeal

Enquiries to St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1

YESTERDAY MY STOMACH WAS UPSET

TODAY I FEEL FINE!

You can't keep the truth down. To put it bluntly, a dose of Beechams Pills at bedtime will do you a power of good. It's surprising, but true how you can keep going on and on and still keep fresh and in good spirits, so long as you take care to avoid constipation and the ills and ailments which constipation causes: stomach upsets, liver troubles, loss of energy, lassitude and just plain out-of-sorts. Make this handy, purely vegetable, home medicine your Golden Rule of Health and you'll feel fine every morning. Get some Beechams Pills to-day.

Obtainable everywhere

Beechams Pills BRAND

PRICES: (*including purchase tax*) 1/5 and 3/5 per Box
Also available in Pennyworths.

Worth a Guinea a Box